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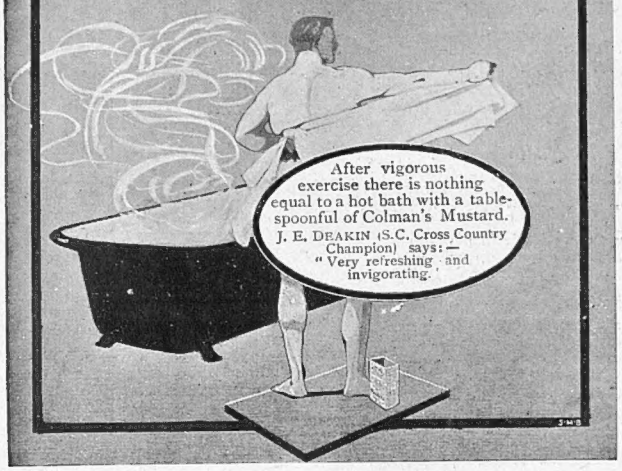

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No. 263.—Vol. XX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 16, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d

Photo *Lallie Charles*

A DECEMBER BRIDE: MISS CABLE

Eldest daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cable, whose marriage to Sir Lionel Alexander, Bart., 2nd Grenadier Guards, was announced to take place yesterday (Tuesday), at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square

No. 263—Vol. XX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King's Engagements

The chill or influenza cold which has been indisposing his Majesty has made him unable to carry out some of the many engagements which had been foreshadowed. Melbury was given up, and the visit to Lord Burton—which was prevented last year by the illness of the host—postponed. The Smithfield Show and many other affairs had also to be allowed to pass. The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife are fortunate enough to be able to leave England for the South of Europe, but his Majesty was content with the clear and bracing air of Brighton at Mr. Arthur Sassoon's.

* * *

The Berlin Visit—Abandoned?

But longer journeys and foreign visits, of which the King is very fond, have, I fancy, been reconsidered in the cold light that generally follows Sir Francis Laking's advice. I hear, on good authority, that the decorators and workmen who were setting in order a part of the Palace at Potsdam for King Edward's use in January next have been told to discontinue their labours. The actual reason for the cancellation of the visit—if my information is correct—is, no doubt, that the health of neither the King nor the Kaiser is quite up to form for a round of State festivities in the month of January. There will, however, of course be other theories abroad.

* * *

The Interview—etc.

People will be only too ready to see political reasons for the abandonment. The Interview has naturally affected Court relations in anything but a satisfactory way, and old sores which were healing have been temporarily re-opened. The situation on the European Continent is also far too grave for a State visit which might give a false impression. Germany is, as Prince Buelow has reminded us, the ally of Austria, and will be found at her side in the event of complications, which are only too likely to happen.

The Kaiser Retires—for the Moment

The *Daily Express* published, last week, some quite interesting information as to the Kaiser's life as a "recluse." It seems that the reserve his Majesty is imposing on himself is far more stringent than was expected. He has cancelled a number of engagements, including travelling, hunting, theatrical rehearsing, and other diversions, and spends his time engrossed in White Books, and in melancholy and devotional contemplation. The only society he allows himself is that of Cabinet Ministers—and the German variety of that species runs rather to dulness. The cry goes up, "How long!" Will the Kaiser continue this abnormal quiet? It seems humanly impossible. Nor is it, from the point of view of German wishes, altogether desirable. Indiscreet as his Majesty may at times have been—(I publish on the next page a portrait of Dr. Hale, of Interview renown)—there is no manner of doubt that he has been a splendid Sovereign to his people—a picturesque, eloquent, versatile man, and,

PRINCE JOHN OF WALES (Age three) — PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES (Age six) — PRINCE OLAF (Age five)

Photo — *Graphic Photo Union*

A Trio of Martial Grandsons of King Edward

Photographed by special arrangement at Buckingham Palace, where the little Princes have been enjoying themselves lately. It may be whispered that Prince Olaf is fonder of some other things than of having his photograph taken, though he will submit graciously on the parental word. Just lately he has been wanting to unpack his Christmas presents at Buckingham Palace, but will not be allowed to till the return to Norway. Little Prince Henry of Wales, by the way, who is eight, has recently had a pony accident

The Hero of a Suppressed Kaiser Interview

in public at all events, eminently dignified. What doubt is there that Wilhelm II., his mistakes notwithstanding, has done more than any other man to cement the work of Bismarck, and to unite in one sentiment the German States?

* * *

A Prophecy

Constitutional rule by gentlemen in frock-coats may be very safe, but Germany is no more *bourgeois* at heart than is France; and she will, in time, grow as weary of respectability as has her neighbour at various times. The day will come when the rattling of the Royal sabre, either by the Kaiser or his successor, will invoke a rally round the Crown as effective as was ever enjoyed by Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon. And that day will be the day of danger to the peace of Europe.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Dr. William Bayard Hale

Whose interview with the Kaiser, stopped from publication in the *Century Magazine* at great alleged cost to his Majesty's privy purse, appeared in a somewhat mutilated but nevertheless lurid form in the *New York World*, and was promptly repudiated on behalf of the Kaiser, and by Dr. Hale himself

Prince Olaf: Some More Facts

The interesting group of Prince Olaf and his little cousins which I publish on the previous page shows all three of them in typical attitudes, though, perhaps, Prince Olaf is of more martial inclinations than his cousins. Indeed, he goes out into the kitchen garden at Buckingham Palace every morning, and is drilled by a sergeant of the Norwegian army. As a matter of fact, Prince Olaf is wonderfully smart at this drill, and goes through all the movements with his little rifle with really remarkable precision. He is not particularly fond of having his photograph taken, but submits very graciously at the gentle but firm request of his mother, Queen Maud. At the third or fourth

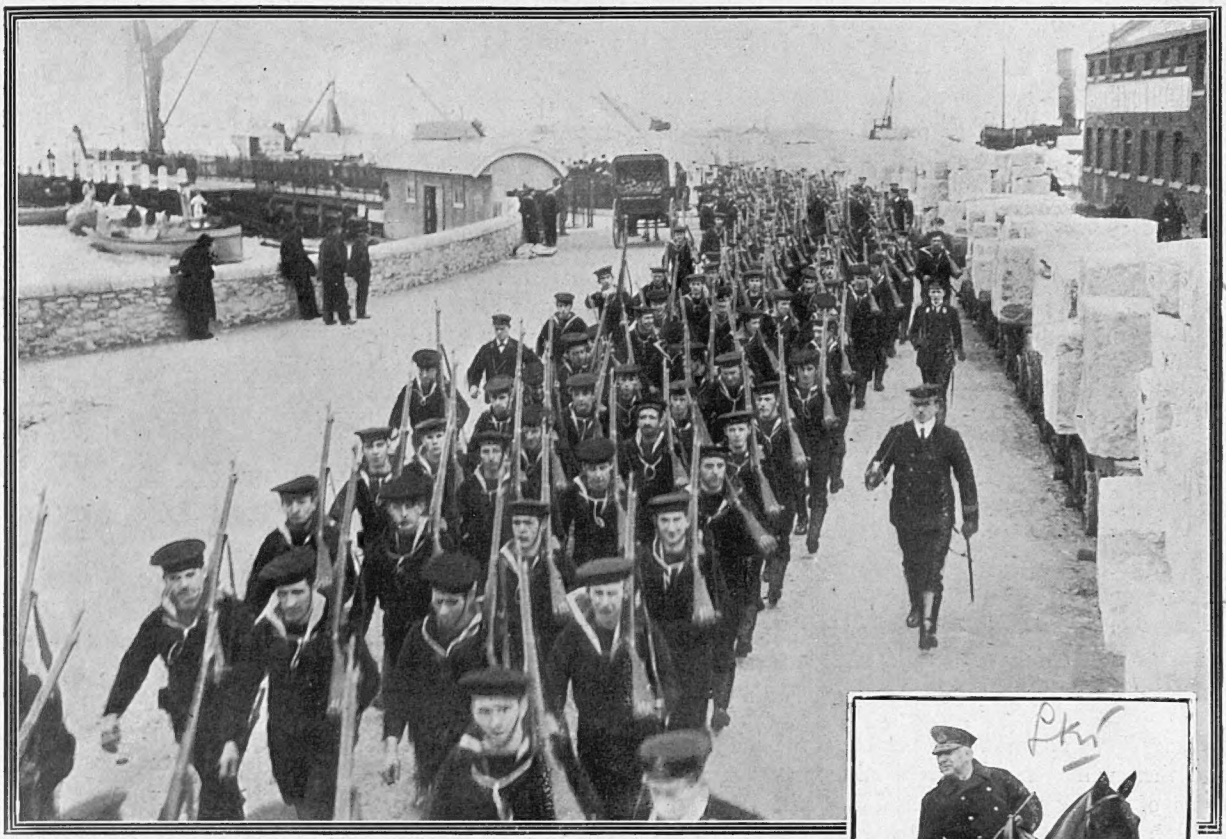
Photo *Bulbeck*

Constantinople's Electors Demonstrate: Lancers Entering the Grounds of the Sublime Porte to Prevent Trouble by the Mob

The Turkish elections have produced a good deal of fever, but no serious disturbances, so that the most remarkable revolution of recent times has been almost a silent one. The Parliament now meeting, or about to meet, is to be paid, and to consist of 250 members of the Chamber of Deputies and between eighty and ninety Senators, the latter appointed for life by the Sultan. Senators must be at least forty years of age, and be men of renown who have served their country. The Chamber will be made up of a motley of Turks, Albanians, Arabs, Kurds, Circassians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Jews, etc., etc.

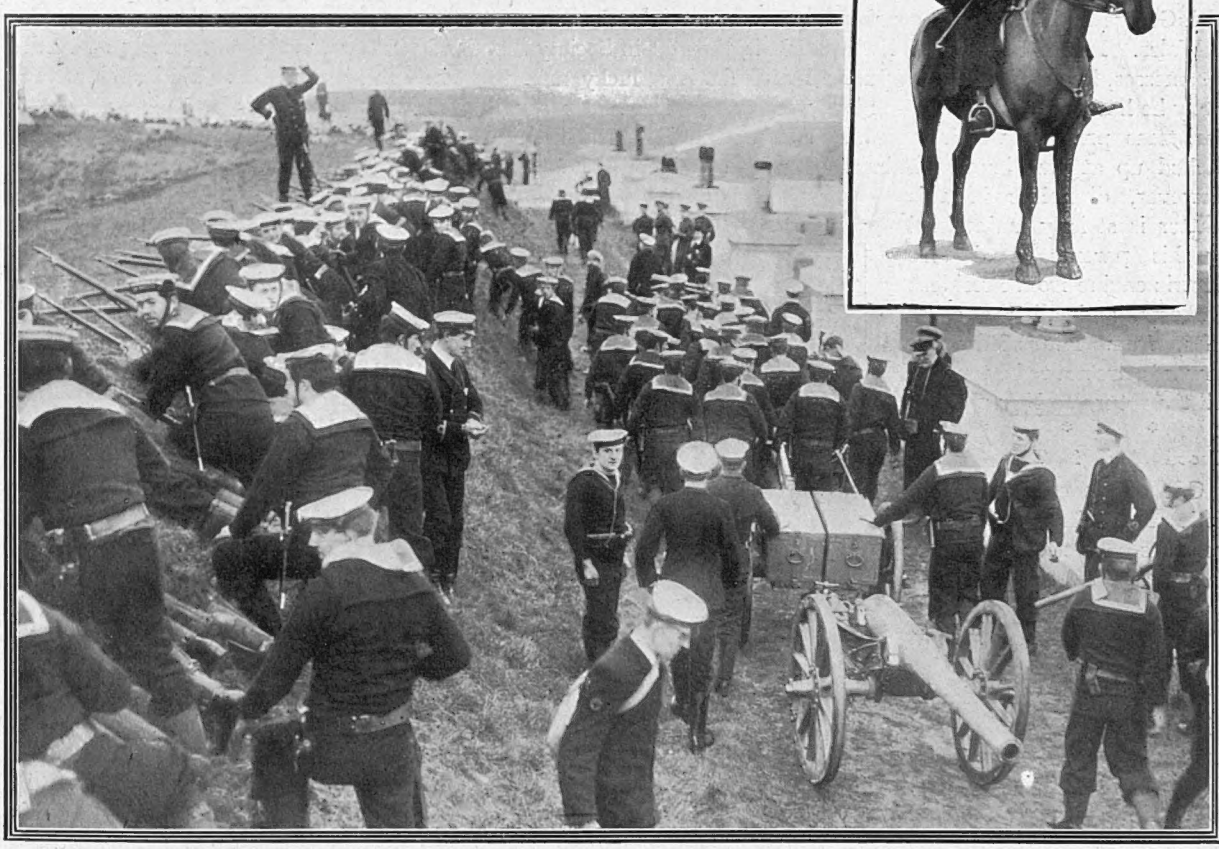
"The D——d Sensible Course" ACCORDING TO LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

NAMELY, RETIREMENT ON THE PART OF PORTLAND'S INVADERS, WHO WERE BEATEN IN THE RECENT SHAM FIGHT



The Invaders Taking Up their Position for Attack

Lord Charles Beresford Commanding the Operations on Horseback



Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The Defenders Manœuvring their 12-pounders in the Firing Line

Lord Charles Beresford s 10,000 bluejackets miserably failed to make any impression on the small force of 1,000 men—also bluejackets—who defended the Verne citadel in the sham fight at Portland on Tuesday week. Lord Charles, who directed the operations from the back of a "charger," breezily described the retirement of the invaders as "a damned sensible course," thereby paying a compliment to the prowess of our seamen, who, however easily our Territorials might be crumpled up by an invading army, would have a good deal to say before the march on London began

Pre-Christmas Weddings

Photos
Mr. D. C. Dennistown Sword
Second Scottish Rifles, of Endon Hall, Staffs

A Coming Marriage

Lady Rosemary Cairns, who was one of last year's débutantes, has become engaged to the eldest son of Sir William and Lady Portal of Laverstoke, who is four years her senior. Lady Rosemary is a granddaughter of the famous lawyer who was twice Lord Chancellor, and the daughter of his eldest son. The latter, as Lord Garmoyle, had something of a career a generation ago. Before his marriage he was not a little devoted to the stage, and to one, at least, of the charming ladies who decorated it in those far-off days. Lady Rosemary shares with the Portals a warm admiration for sport, and has recently graced Newmarket and Newbury. In both

MARRIED AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE, ON TUESDAY, THE 8th INST.

Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street
Mrs. D. C. Dennistown Sword
Formerly Miss Eileen Alexander, sister of Sir Lionel Alexander, who was yesterday to marry Miss Cable

"taking" he grows more interested, and then will ask to be taken in poses of his own choosing, saying, "I'll have one like this," as he "shoulder's arms," or "take me with George and John," his cousins of Wales. Prince Olaf has his little weaknesses, like most people. Just lately he has tingled to unpack his Christmas presents, which were all packed up at Buckingham Palace. However, discipline in this matter is strictly maintained by his parents, and the electric engine from President Fallières, and all the other gifts, from King Edward's onwards, are not to be touched till the return to Norway.

* * *

Queen Maud in Town

One of the charms of our little December season this year has been the presence of the Queen and the King and Queen of Norway in Town. Her Majesty has been seen at many of the more interesting art galleries, and, with Princess Victoria and the Royal guests, has been to the theatres and other semi-public places. *The King of Cadonia* greatly entertained the party the other evening, for the Royal family are, as always, keen playgoers and like to see everything of interest on the English stage. the oldest and newest places of meeting she looked very charming and lively, and took a considerable interest in the racing.

* * *

Lord Drogheda's Engagement

It is thought in Society that Lord Drogheda is a lucky man to have won the so frequently sought and so beautiful Miss Kathleen Pelham Burn, of Edinburgh, who has been chaperoned in London by Lady Ludlow. The lady comes of a large family of interesting girls, one of whom married young Mr. de Falbe, and is daughter of an equally delightful mother. Lord Drogheda was Viscount Moore, and but recently succeeded to his new title. He is a clever and promising youth, and owns a fine estate, Moore Abbey, in Kildare. One remembers him as a very hard worker at the Foreign Office, where, if cleverness and good nature count, he promises to be a great success. Meanwhile, the engagement is giving great pleasure to a number of Scottish and Irish people.

Photo *Keturah Collings*
To be Married on Monday: Miss Evelyn Savory
Whose wedding with Mr. Lewis Corden Larmour takes place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on the 21st

* * *

The Duke of Westminster

It is satisfactory to know that the Duke of Westminster, about whose condition some alarm was felt by the members of his family on his arrival at Southampton from Africa, is progressing quite favourably. One of the youngest of our Dukes, and exceedingly good-natured and sporting, his Grace has won a deserved popularity everywhere. In Cheshire, where he and his Irish wife are regarded as personages of almost royal importance, and have extraordinary honour paid to them, the Duke is said to know more about estate values

A Queenly Horsewoman

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

This photograph of Queen Maud was taken, at an exclusive series of sittings given to the Graphic Photo Union, at Buckingham Palace last week, when the King and Queen of Norway, and of course Prince Olaf, were the guests of Queen Alexandra during the King's visit to Brighton. Their Majesties and the Prince, however, return to their own country for Christmas

Mr. Bottomley Triumphs at Gatwick

and more about a horse than any man in the county. He returned straight from visiting his highly productive estates in Orange River Colony, after combining business and pleasure in that he had been shooting big game out there. The Duke has shown his cleverness in nothing so much as in his selection of the Cheshire farmers whom he took off to South Africa when first he started his colony there. He is as good at hunting as at polo, and takes, like the Duchess, a keen interest in the Cheshire packs. In the Boer War he was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts; is Major in the Cheshire Yeomanry; boasts a magnificent stable; and last, but far from least, has the nicest mother in the world, Lady Grosvenor, and the most conciliatory of step-fathers, handsome Mr. George Wyndham.

* * *

The Duchess of Westminster

The Duchess, *née* a Cornwallis-West, who once called herself "Sheila," now calls herself "Constance," for two good reasons. The name, which chanced to be given to her in baptism, was likewise borne by the beautiful Duchess of Westminster—she who was painted by Millais, and wore a big crown of golden plaits on her head. Typically Irish, the present Duchess hates the Town as she loves the country, and loves, too, all country pursuits, especially gardening; sits her horse like an amazon; owns some of the finest known rubies and diamonds, and is to be

Photo *Muggeridge*

Mr. Bottomley (left) Takes a Breath of Fresh Air at Gatwick

(And a brief respite from his legal troubles) by winning two races, the Tinsley Selling Steeplechase and the Timberham Hurdle Race, with Adansi and Butter Ball, while his Otto was second in the Croydon Hurdle Race

Photo *Hamilton*

The Lambton-Horner Nuptials: The Bride and Bridegroom

Photographed at the reception after the brilliantly attended ceremony at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on Dec. 7. The Hon. George Lambton, who is so well known in the racing world, is Lord Durham's brother, and Mrs. Lambton is the handsome elder daughter of Sir J. and Lady Horner. Her younger sister is Mrs. Raymond Asquith, the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law

written down a success. She is one of the few young married women who believe in exclusiveness, and who, although as fond of liveliness as anyone, somehow comports herself as a *grand dame*. Like her sister, Princess Pless, she possesses a fine singing voice. In Cheshire everybody speaks of the Duchess as a "good sort." She is certainly very kind to all sorts and conditions of people.

* * *

A Lambton Marriage

The marriage of Miss Cecily Horner and Mr. George Lambton was the event of the week before last. The bride looked beautiful. The bridegroom, a man of attractive personality, half sportsman, half *preu chevalier*, is the image of his better-known brother, Vice-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton. To St. Mark's there came a bevy of beautiful women. If there were any who had wondered how it had come about that a "Soul" and a gentleman trainer (the bridegroom lives at Newmarket and trains Lord Derby's winners, and the others) could possibly have foregathered, their minds were at rest when they saw Mr. George Lambton. He owns the romantic "Lambton eyes," and the couple appeared radiantly happy.

* * *

A Popular Couple

The bride, who has artistic tastes, and draws exceedingly well, designed her own pretty wedding gown. The King's gift to her was a Georgian cup. Every member of both the bride and bridegroom's family was present at the ceremony, except the Duchess of Leeds, Mrs. Lambton's sister, who, for her health's sake, had been unable to postpone her journey to the sunny South. Mr. and Mrs. Lambton are sure to become a popular couple in Society. Mr. Lambton is one of the cheeriest as he is one of the best-dressed men about Town.

Au Revoir

OUR FAVOURITE PRIMA DONNA, WHO HAS LEFT US TILL 1910

Photo *Dinham*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME MELBA, WHO IS NOW ON A TWO YEARS' TOUR

Madame Melba, who recently concluded her tour in the United Kingdom, and left England for New York, will, after fulfilling her operatic engagements with Mr. Hammerstein there, leave the States for a long concert tour in her native land of Australia and in New Zealand. She is then to return to America for a time, and we, alas! shall not hear her again in England till 1910. Next year's opera without its very brightest star will hardly seem itself

For Territorial Efficiency: The New Medal for the New Force

WHAT INVASION REALLY MEANS

A WARNING BY A SUPPORTER OF LORD ROBERTS

Obverse of the New Territorial Medal for Efficiency

[Whether one agrees with Conscription or not as the best means to defeat an invader, it is most desirable that the actual meaning of Invasion should be brought home to the people of this country. I have, therefore, no hesitation in publishing the following article, written by a prominent supporter of Lord Roberts's policy.—EDITOR.]

IS it wonderful or is it pitiful, is it brave or is it cowardly, for the people of the "Greatest Empire" to laugh at, sneer at, or to ignore, the cries of warning of that great soldier, Lord Roberts, who stands at the cross-roads, one of which leads to security, and the other to national extinction?

Why should we ignore the warnings of Lord Roberts? Is he, the saviour of the Empire in 1900, now an irresponsible scaremonger? Do you really believe that he has an axe to grind? He is not employed by any society to carry on its propaganda, nor does he court the smiles of Fleet Street; indeed, he is making it rather difficult for his supporters to carry on the campaign against the coma with which we poor English are afflicted.

I wonder if that drowsy feeling, which is induced by a drug that is made up of ignorance, self-satisfaction, and the one-Englishman-is-worth-ten-Frenchmen fallacy, is really proof against everything except actual privation, hunger, and the brutal fact that foreign bayonets are coming up the lane?

Fight or Flight—Which?

If these things should happen, what are we going to do? Will each man seize the family poker, or the chopper, and stand like Ajax at the garden-gate? He must either do that or sprint for Wales. What will the women do? Will they stand at the front-door and bid fair welcome to foreign soldiery, or will they seek shelter in the cellar?

Of course, the idea of an army marching over and devastating the counties round London is preposterous! Such things have never been done properly since 1066, and that is so long ago!

But if somebody had written for the information of posterity a description of the horror, the misery, and the degradation of our forefathers which were brought about by the coming of the Normans! Nobody thinks of that now, curiously enough; all that one is anxious about is to prove that an ancestor came over with the Conqueror!

Try for one moment, however, to realise what would happen if, through the fog of battle, a foreign army corps appeared on the East Anglian coast and began serious manœuvres. What would it do, and what would you do if you lived in East Anglia? It would do a lot, and you would do nothing. You would be too paralysed with the shock of terror to do anything more sensible than the rabbit which runs round and round the weasel and finally surrenders.

But, while you are running round, you will be getting hungry, and the unwelcome guest will be seizing everything eatable for himself. You will be so busy that those whom you are supposed to protect will have no protection at all. How could you protect them when you do not know how to use a rifle or to take part in the simplest military evolution?

But, supposing a little of the "bull-dog breed" were left in you, and you did, with your neighbours, make a stand, do you know that, if you escaped a merciful death from a foreign bullet, you would be hanged from the branch of a tree, mayhap the one under which you and your loved ones had spent your happiest moments? That fate would be yours because, not being properly enrolled as a soldier, the enemy would refuse to recognise you as a belligerent. Have you forgotten, or have you never read of, what the Germans did to the unattached Frenchmen whom they caught with arms in 1870? Read "Le Débâcle," by Zola. If every Englishman would read that book we should have our million-men army in no time!

If Invasion Came at Christmas!

All the horrors depicted in that book may be repeated in England. Can you imagine them being heaped on you this Christmastide? Each of you will be making one of a happy circle. The larders will be full, and "fair women and brave men" will give themselves up to revelry.

Did you, though, ever hear of that banquet in America, at the White House, which had to be abandoned by the host and his guests, and was eaten by the hated English soldiery?

What would happen if, when summoned to the feast on Christmas Day, you heard the sound of guns? Have you ever heard them? If you heard them for the first time your zest for roast turkey would dwindle!

And, as the sound of those guns came nearer, what would you do? Outside you would hear the shrieks of terrified villagers. Almost at once everything would be chaos and confusion. Every man's character would come out then! The only thing that you could do would be to revile yourself, and the men around you, for not insisting on the Government taking such measures that every one of us could, on the call to arms, take his place in the ranks of an army which was really able to fight with an enemy which had been trained to modern warfare.

As it is, you would have to run. And where would you go? Duke's son and cook's son would be level then! It would be no good making for London; indeed, if I were in London I would try to get out. It would be better to take one's chance on Dartmoor than in London under siege with rats costing five shillings apiece.

About to Postpone their Studies

ETONIANS, HILARIOUS, ON A WALL AND OUTSIDE THE NEW MEMORIAL BUILDINGS

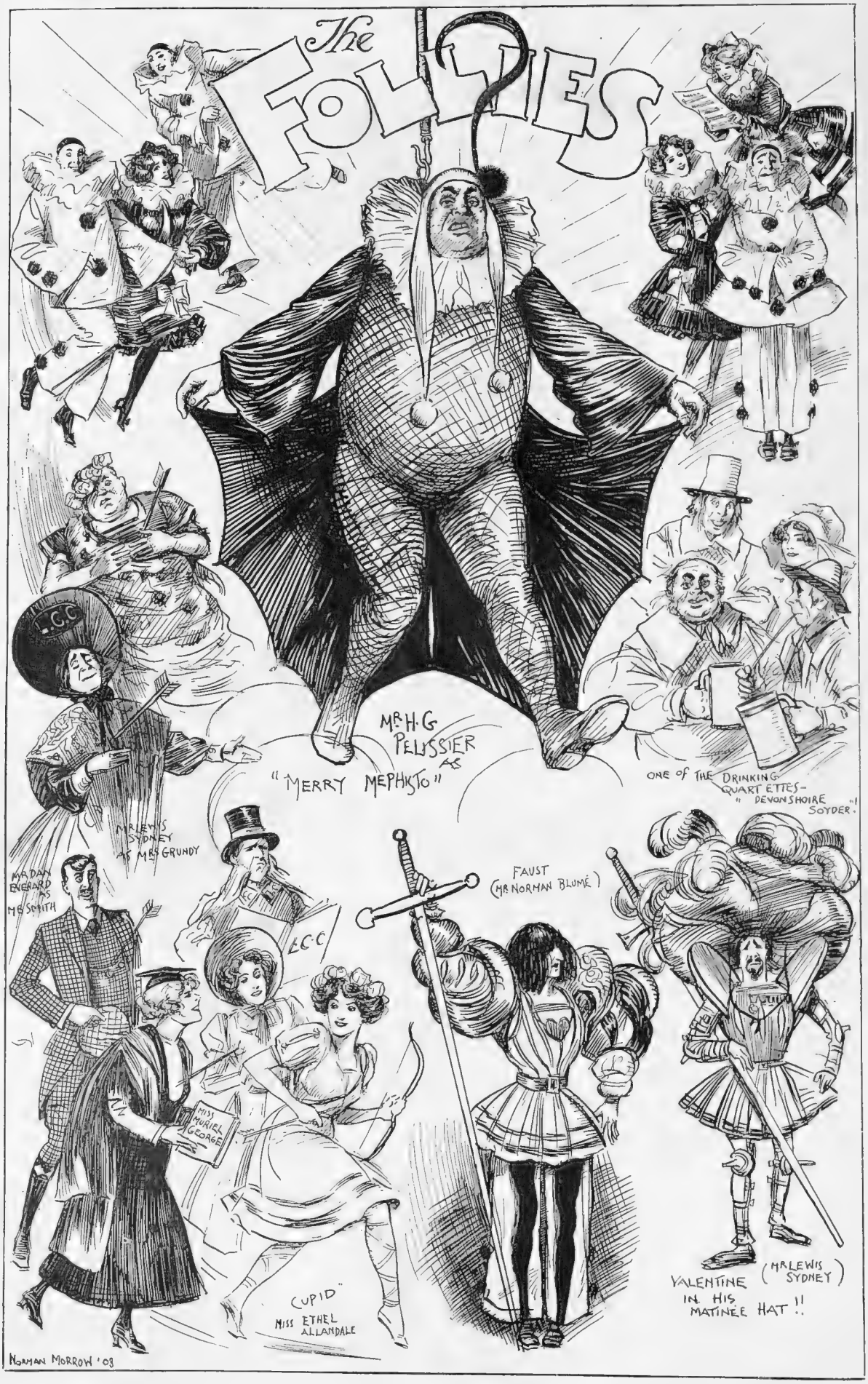
Photo] **Spectators of the Wall Game between Collegers and Oppidans** *[Graphic Photo Union*

The wall, that immemorial institution from which Etonians have watched the Wall Game, was recently forbidden as a coign of vantage on the ground that dangling legs interfered with play. This abolition of a time-honoured privilege, however, met with such dissatisfaction that the order was withdrawn, and a compromise arranged by which legs must be dangled on the opposite side to that of yore

Photo] **Dignity Looks on Jollity: Merry Etonians Outside the Memorial Hall Recently Opened by the King** *[Nicholls*

Etonians will soon be quitting their studies and their "classic fields" for the Christmas holidays, and the camera has caught them in moments of anticipatory glee

London's Jesters-in-Ordinary at the Apollo



BY NORMAN MORROW

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DALY'S THEATRE

"The Merry Widow" Merrier than Ever

The prodigious runs of musical plays are punctuated every now and again by so-called "second versions," which consist merely of a few interpolated numbers, dances, and jokes. If Mr. George Edwardes had announced the "second version" of *The Merry Widow* he would only have been following a somewhat misleading theatrical precedent. But he had two better cards to play, to wit, Mr. W. H. Berry and Mr. Joseph Coyne, both of whom reappeared in the cast after an absence sufficiently long to have raised the enthusiasm of their playgoing admirers to fever-pitch. I have seen many cordial receptions given to actors, but those tended to Messrs. Berry and Coyne compare with the best of them. The "gods" and "goddesses" (if the feminine be allowed) were sufficiently familiar with the play to be all ready with cheers and shouts and applause. For it was not the appearance of the favourite himself that started this pleasing and deafening demonstration, but actually the "cue" for his entrance!

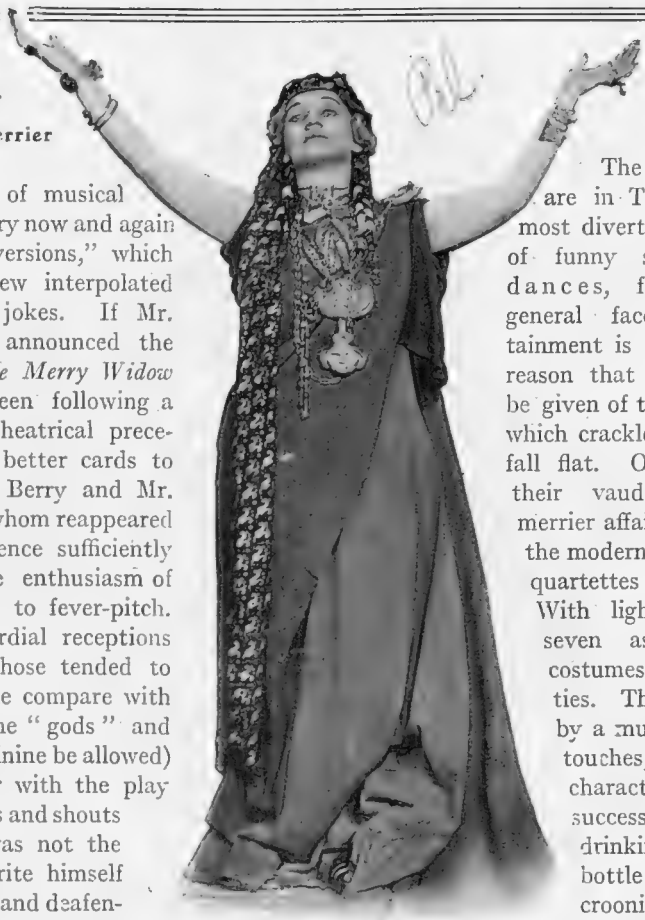


Photo Ellis and Walery

Miss Clara Ward

In the title-rôle of "Electra," which has been produced recently at a series of matinées at the New Theatre

A Welcome Return

It certainly did one's heart good to see once more the original Nisch, with his funny walk and his still more funny face, in which a pair of startling, prominent blue eyes are used with such droll effect, and to welcome the first representative of the careless, good-humoured, dissipated Prince Danilo, with his easy grace and charm. Mr. Coyne was not at all embarrassed by the great ovation accorded to him. He responded in dumb show in his characteristically debonair and *insouciant* fashion, and the expression on his face said as plainly as possible, "I wish I could thank you, dear friends, only, unfortunately, the lines are not in my part." However, there were other lines referring to the home-coming of the Prince which were eagerly caught up and taken literally by the delighted audience. It was certainly a great night, the audience, with great tact and delicacy, signalising by the impartial manner in which they ladled out "receptions" that while they were most pleased to greet the newcomers they had not forgotten those who had borne the burden of the run.

The new songs and a species of Apache dance by Mr. Berry and Miss Gabrielle Ray do not much matter, but they were well received. The real change in *The Merry Widow* is scenic. The new "Maxim's" in the third act is most gorgeous and realistic, giving scope for a spirited rendering of *le monde où l'on s'amuse*.

APOLLO THEATRE

"The Follies"

The versatile, inimitable Follies are in Town again with a new and most diverting programme made up of funny stories, quartettes, songs, dances, fantasies, burlesques, and general facetiousness. Their entertainment is quite indescribable, for the reason that no adequate account can be given of the thousand quips and turns which crackle so incessantly and never fall flat. One can only indicate that their vaudeville entertainment is a merrier affair than one usually sees at the modern music-hall. The Beverage quartettes form the "star" turn. With lightning changes the clever seven assume not only different costumes, but different individualities. Their acting is distinguished by a multitude of well-thought-out touches, which go to make up a character-rôle. In bewildering succession they pass from cider-drinking bumpkins to "three-bottle" men; from Irish peasants crooning over potheen to rollicking sailors singing the joys of "tots" of rum; from dyspeptic water-drinkers at Harrogate to squeaky-voiced Japanese, nodding and grimacing over their tea. This protean act is full of fun. Amusing "business" abounds, and there is a humorous twist even to the music.

Shade of Goethe!

The fantasy which follows, entitled "Love's Garden," would be a dull affair played by any other company than the Follies. The puritanical tendencies of the London County Council savour of a ten-year-old joke. As for Mrs. Grundy, it is a shame to resuscitate the dear old lady, and argues a want of invention in the librettists. But rattled through by the Follies, even this ancient "book" is so deftly sprinkled with "wheezes" as to amuse the audience. The *bonne bouche* of the programme is *Faust* played as a pantomime. This absurdity, with its sly digs at the production at His Majesty's Theatre, literally reduces the audience to tears. Mr. H. G. Pélissier has re-lighted the sacred lamp of burlesque, which has not burned since the old Gaiety days. It is strange how unevenly talent is distributed in this world. It is quite the custom these days to engage, besides the producer, a little army of composers, librettists, and lyric writers for one musical piece, and then it is too often a dull affair. Yet for this most diverting programme of the Follies but two men are responsible, Messrs. H. G. Pélissier and Arthur Davenport. They are a strong combination. E. C. S.

Matters Musical

Photo *Thornton*

Mme. Marguerite Barrellier

Who has composed and is herself acting the title-rôle of a fanciful (wordless) musical play to be produced at the Guildhall School of Music next Friday

ELGAR'S FIRST SYMPHONY

What will probably be looked back on as an orgy of gush has greeted the first performance of Sir Edward Elgar's first symphony. Expressions such as "immortal classic," "worthy to rank with all that is highest and most noble in the realms of lovely sound," have appeared in the halfpenny Press. Now, all this is very, very premature, and very, very foolish. The Symphony is a fine piece of workmanship, and it reveals what everybody already knew, that Elgar has a command of orchestral technique and a power of melody which alternates between the ecclesiastical and the martial. But he lacks either daintiness or lusciousness. There is little in Elgar's music that appeals to the senses or touches the heart. It is intellectual, picturesque music, with a religio-bellicose undercurrent. But it never *sings*, and it never *dances*. The question is, can a composer, possessing such very decided limitations, be acclaimed as of the same clay as Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, etc.? One has only to think of the symphonies of these three masters to recall the spontaneous effect of beauty produced on one's mind at first hearing, even if one did not at once understand. My impression of the first hearing of Elgar's work was of a persistent striving after an expression of which the composer is temperamentally incapable. Elgar longs and longs, and yearns and yearns after spontaneous beauty, but he only succeeds in being either ponderous or hysterical. And let me say, as an eye-witness, that the papers' descriptions of the reception as a "triumph" are misleading. After the first movement, there was a very decided pause, followed by a decidedly mechanical outbreak of applause. When, quite unbidden, and quite unexpected, Elgar left the stalls and mounted the platform, there was some surprise and a *crescendo* of clapping. But to call the reception a triumph is to misreport the facts. There is always a sufficient number of noise-makers in a London concert audience to deceive the reporter. Experienced listeners, however, know a "triumph" when they hear it. It is usually foreshadowed by gasps of ecstasy long before the close, and when the *finale* comes, the clapping falls like thunder, and the bravos rend the air. There was none of this at Queen's Hall last Monday week, and in a year or so some of us will be found yawning when anybody says anything about Elgar's Symphony in A flat.

A New Wordless Musical Play

At the Guildhall School of Music on Friday, December 18, is being produced a fanciful wordless musical play entitled *Estrella*—a "pantomime" in the true French sense of the word—which is the work of Mme. Marguerite Barrellier. A Frenchwoman by birth, though married to an English gentleman, Mme. Barrellier began her education at the Paris Conservatoire before coming to the Guildhall School, where she was a pupil of the late Mr. Henry Gadsby. Not only is she responsible for the entire composition of the music, which possesses great originality and charm, though obviously belonging to the French school, but she is herself taking the title-rôle in the piece. The other parts are being undertaken by Guildhall pupils, who have been trained by Mr. R. Soutten.

Harry of England, His Conquests in Love and War

AS PORTRAYED BY MR. LEWIS WALLER AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

The Love Scene between Henry V. (Mr. Lewis Waller) and Princess Katharine of France (Miss Madge Titheradge)

"Come, your answer in broken English, for thy voice is music and thy English broken"

The Vacillating King Charles VI. of France (Mr. Hubert Druce) at his Meeting with King Henry

"I have but with a cursory eye glanced o'er the articles"

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

King Henry Denounces the Traitorous Earl of Cambridge (Mr. H. C. Wilson), Lord Scroop (Mr. Shiel Barry), and Sir Thomas Grey (Mr. C. de Gue)

Fine as was Mr. Lewis Waller's performance when he produced *Henry V.* at the Lyceum eight years ago, the present revival of the same piece at the Lyric is even finer, and Mr. Waller has proved his right to the title of being the finest impersonator of Harry of England that this—and perhaps any—generation has seen. Though the play can lay claim to no coherent story, being mainly a set of scenes from the life of Henry V., one's interest and enthusiasm are kept at the highest pitch throughout. This is due, first, to the part played by Mr. Waller, and, second, to the excellent acting of all the cast, notably of Miss Madge Titheradge as Katharine, and Messrs. Calvert and George as Pistol and Fluellen

Lionnes Comiques of the Hour:

MISS CISSIE LOFTUS AS HARRY LAUDER

Photo . . . . . *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Cissie Loftus, after a too long absence in America, has for some weeks past been appearing at the Coliseum, where nightly we only have to close our eyes to believe that Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Irving, Yvette Guilbert, Harry Lauder, and a hundred and one other notabilities of Theatre and Hall are on the stage. It is her genius in reproducing the slightest tones of the voice rather than the mannerisms of those she imitates that Miss Loftus's especial talent of mimicry lies

Two Queens of Mimicry and Drollery

MISS MARIE LLOYD'S CLASSIC SMILE

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Talent of a different genre is that of Miss Marie Lloyd, who, however, is no less popular with a large section of the public. It will be three weeks or so before she will again be seen in London, when her "old dears" will expect some quips and cranks of an even more up-to-date flavour than those anent the Directoire dress, something—if we may venture the suggestion—on such lines as "Should women have a vote old dear?"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Comrades in War Counsels: Serbs and Montenegrins Discuss Probabilities at a Frontier Village

Waiting for War

(A LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN BELGRADE)

The Spirit of Belgrade

BARON VON AERENTHAL, the Austrian Foreign Minister, is now, apparently, persuaded that there will be war. As I write, more troops than ever are being despatched for Servian and Montenegrin uses, ready for the "good lesson in the spring," which Baron von Aerenthal threatened not long ago. Meantime, I saw no gun-boats or torpedo-boats on the Danube at Semlin, three miles from Belgrade, and except for the sentinels guarding the two ends of the bridge spanning the Save, which runs along the Hungarian frontier, and a very close examination of luggage and passports, there is no outward evidence of the violent emotions at present agitating the Servian breast.

* * *

Novelists, Take Note!

Here, in Belgrade, the hotel-keepers look like statesmen, and Ministers of State like very ordinary people. This is a country in which social surprises are of everyday occurrence. The waiter who plants your coffee before you, with a defiant air, is possibly a candidate of the anti-dynastic party, who aspires, on the return of the Obrenovitches, to a place in the Cabinet. Three men, looking like Montmartre poets, keen-eyed, with their headgear pushed back, and vigorously smoking cigarettes, are well-known politicians, two of whom were Ministers under King Alexander. They may be whispering to each other some deep-laid scheme. One cannot be a day in Belgrade without seeing that it is the headquarters, not only of strong political passions, but of deadly political hatreds.

* * *

St. George Karageorgevitch!

Prince George—or St. George, as he is being called now, in view of the cartoon (printed on the next page), which is selling like wildfire in Bosnia-Herzegovina—spends a great deal of his time at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he gets in everybody's way, in spite of his laudable desire to be useful. However, he has had a good "leg-up" since he was received by the Tsar of Russia, for it was very doubtful whether he would be received at all. The Crown Prince's journey to Constantinople, in search—they all say in Belgrade—of a Turkish Princess, who shall be the future Queen of Servia, is a topic of immense interest here.

A Courtless King

There is, properly speaking, no Court at all here in the sense in which a Court exists in London or Rome or Berlin. There are no leaders of fashion, no brilliant men of letters or science with European or even national reputations, no great soldiers; in fact, nothing that can make up the elements of a Court life. The King lives in practical retirement nursing his gout. He is a temperate man, a lover of books, and has translated J. S. Mill's "Essay on Liberty"! An occasional dinner to the Cabinet and other functionaries, and an extremely formal repast for the entertainment of the diplomatic circle, are about all the social labours the King imposes upon himself as head of the State. This is, perhaps, a sign of his wisdom, for some say that what he is really suffering from is not so much gout as fear for his life. By exercising the minimum of influence he raises the minimum of opposition.

* * *

A Royal Ruse

However, when the present Coalition Ministry was formed, King Peter showed that, when circumstances require it, he can bring a good deal of latent will-power into action. The moment was a critical one, the different parties were hopelessly divided, and it seemed as if it would be quite impossible for any one man to form a workable administration. He invited all the leading political men in Parliament to a morning conference to discuss with him the formation of the new Ministry. They discussed and discussed, till a gnawing sensation in their insides made them a little bit more accommodating. But he would not let them go. Then he took pity on them, and they picnicked at the Council-table, and tried again, and yet they could not come to terms. And the gnawing sensation returned, and again they picnicked. Late in the evening they could stand it no longer. And the Ministry was formed, and a very good one it has proved to be, for the leaders all know what awaits them if they change again!

* * *

They All Love George

Even if the King had any desire to promote a Court life at Belgrade this could only be done at the sacrifice of his old-established habits. He goes to bed at nine and rises at six in the winter, and in summer with the birds. Long before his subjects are opening their shutters he has had his ride over the hills and is back to his early breakfast. Prince George prefers the motor-car, but, like his father, is an early riser, and his first and last occupations in the day are to clean and repair his car. He has repaired it so often that there is hardly a bit of the original car remaining! One of the inflictions to which his Royal father's subjects are exposed is an invitation to join the Prince on his excursions. The car invariably breaks down, and the consequent amusement is chiefly for the Prince. Still, they all seem to love George; perhaps because he is so lively—if a little futile.

As Seen by the Servians (BUT HARDLY BY THE AUSTRIANS!)

PRINCE GEORGE AS THE SAINT OF THAT NAME AND THE DUAL MONARCHY AS THE DRAGON

A CARTOON WHICH IS BEING WIDELY DISTRIBUTED IN BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

And which gives a prophetic forecast of the result of hostilities which few people would like to put their money on

Random Jottings

A deputy in the Reichstag objected to British criticisms of German naval expansion, likening them to a man objecting to the growth of a boy. This may be. But when a man sees a boy rapidly acquiring the proportions of the Fat Boy of Peckham, surely a word or two of warning is not unkindly.

* * *

A well-bred little girl of our acquaintance has written a letter to Father Christmas asking for an Old Age Pension.

* * *

President Roosevelt's hunting-party will consist of himself, his son, and two naturalists from the National Museum. "No other persons will be taken from America," says the *Globe*. A few, presumably, will be left at home to report the trip for the papers.

* * *

The Epsom protest meeting against the exercising of lunatics in the town was not interrupted by the Suffragettes.

* * *

WANTED AT ONCE.—Minister for Education with new views. Must be obstinate and fond of disappointment. Applicants should bring Bill with them. Reasonable people please accept silence as a polite negative.

* * *

The Interviewenza epidemic shows no signs of abatement. Hayes, of America, is busy explaining how he will win on the occasion of the third match with Dorando Pietri.

* * *

We understand that Miss Ogston has been made Chief Whip to the Suffragist Party.

* * *

An itinerant hawker, charged with selling pirated copies of a modern drawing-room ballad, pleaded that it was not music. We have heard the song in question, and we are inclined to agree.

Evidently the new era prophesied for musical comedy is setting in at last. The title-page of a new work shortly to be produced contains the names of only six authors and composers.

* * *

The invasion nuisance continues, and Lord Charles Beresford is the latest Admiral to land a hostile force on these shores. But, after all, nobody seriously doubts the ability of the British to effect a landing in England. If Lord Charles, not having Beresford to get round, had failed to do what he did do, we should have been really surprised.

* * *

That admirable book, lately published by Messrs. Pitman, "Italy of the Italians," has been followed by the second of the series, "France of the French." It is expected that the third—"England of the Germans"—will follow next year.

* * *

A Garrick Club Story

At the Garrick Club, not very long ago, an old actor, Mr. Smith, and a young actor, Mr. Brown, were discussing the art of acting. Young Mr. Brown put forward an idea which greatly annoyed old Mr. Smith. During the heated argument Mr. Smith went so far as to call Mr. Brown "an ass." Next day poor Brown hunted up Mr. Brookfield for advice. After telling him the whole story, he said, "And Smith ended with calling me an ass! What am I to do now"? Brookfield pondered for a moment. "Consult a Vet," was his answer.

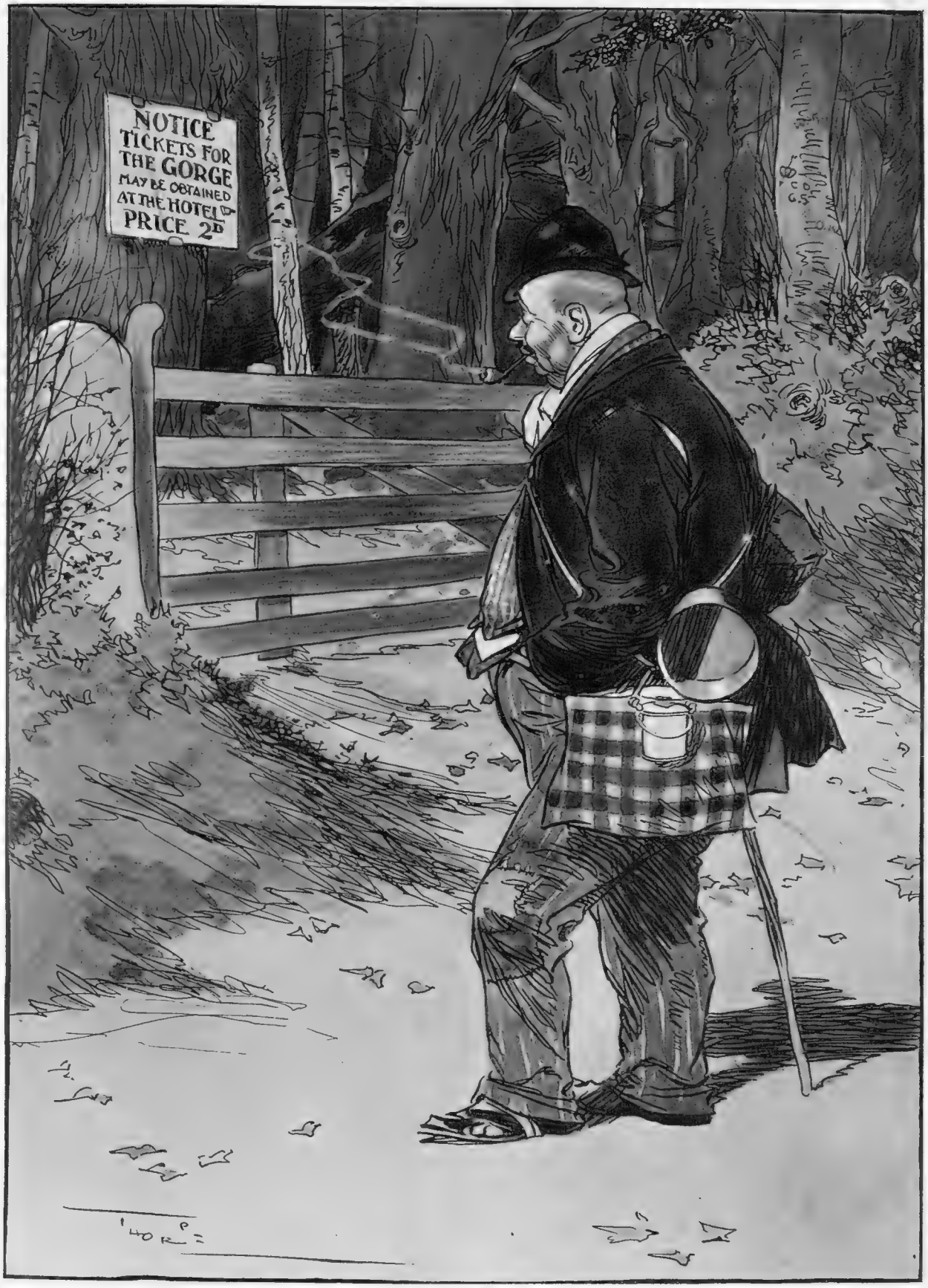
Our Christmas Number

Though nearly out of print, a few copies of our Christmas Number and Supplement are still obtainable from the bookstalls, or, if immediate application be made, from the Publisher.

SUFFRAGISM IN THE FARMYARD

BY L. L. EDWARDS

Those Tiresome Double-Meanings



SCENE: ONE OF OUR BEAUTY SPOTS

Tired Pedestrian (*slightly misunderstanding the meaning of notice-board*): "Now this is what I call a bit of orlright!"

BY THORPE

Mirrored in Water

VAIN DAME NATURE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN ATTITUDES OF SELF-ADMIRATION

Photo] **In the Boboli Gardens, Florence** [*Partridge*

(It will be noted that, in the photograph, the Palace on the left comes out better reflected than the right way up)

Photo] **In Milton's Village (the Scene of the Tercentenary Celebrations): The Pond and Green, Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire** [*Pulbrook*

You can turn some impressionistic paintings upside down and feel they are only a little less vague than before. They are much vaguer than Nature's own impressions of herself, as our photographs show. Do some of our painters now exhibiting in London make impressions of these impressions, and then turn their canvases upside down, and thus produce pictures which become in the process the "Nocturnal Symphonies" and "Souls of the Evening" of the catalogue? Or do they paint standing on their heads? If so, perhaps they expect the public to stand on its head when looking at their pictures? This inconvenience can be avoided by reversing our photographs, when their reflections appear as charming impressions

A Picturesque Shadow Photograph

WHICH, TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, PROMPTLY BECOMES AN "IMPRESSION" OF ITSELF

NATIVES DOING THEIR WASHING IN A POOL AT TRINCOMALEE, CEYLON

Here, again, as in the photographs on the previous page, Nature shows herself her own impressionist. Turn the picture upside down, and this scene in sunny Ceylon, which is now such a favourite resort for P. and O. travellers, becomes itself with a difference

Saved for Europe: The Château de Coucy,

Photo] STILL A PRIDE OF FRANCE: THE RUINS OF THE GREAT DONJ

Mr. Schwab, the American millionaire, has just purchased the celebrated fifteenth-century house at Noyon, France, which is said to be the scene of the treaty between Francis I. and Charles V. in 1516, with the intention of transporting it in sections and rebuilding it on his Pennsylvania estate. He also cast longing eyes on the splendid old ruins of the Château de Coucy in the Department of Aisne, Northern France, but his offer of a very large sum was declined, so that this historic building is spared the awful fate of the other. Europe should be thankful. For this magnificent pile, dominating the little village which bears its name, as well as the surrounding country, is not only one of the most splendid monuments of the middle ages left in France, but one No other fortress can rival the stupendou has been well said, nothing so well paints f extraordinary ruin. The gigantic round donj In some places its walls are 34ft. thick. Th Chamber 1,500 men could sit at one time, a carvings over the mantels, the Halls of the the Château has a secret chamber. In this

yhich has Escaped Transportation to America

N AND TOWERS OF THE HUGEST MEDIÆVAL CASTLE IN EUROPE [E.N.A.

he most remarkable in the whole of Europe. lk of this thirteenth-century castle, and, as lism in its power and its war-like life as this eep is 300ft. in circumference, and 180ft. high. ins cover 10,000 square yards. In the Council here are two immense halls, called, from the e Heroes and the Nine Heroines. Of course, e, the room, a tiny apartment in one of the walls, was by no means a chamber of horrors, for, if it was not a lady's boudoir, historians are much misinformed! The builder of the Castle, Enguerrand, who began it in 1225 and finished it only five years afterwards, was the hero of many real exploits and of many legendary ones. Among the latter is the tale of his lying wounded in the Crusades and ordering his heart to be sent, "embalmed in spices and in a silver casket," to his mistress, the wife of the Lord of Fayal. When he died it was dispatched, with a message of eternal love, but it fell into the hands of the guilty lady's husband, who had it skilfully cooked and served to his wife. When told that she had eaten the heart of her lover, she died of horror

Methods of Barbarism

WHERE STOCKS ARE STILL IN USE AND HUMAN HORSES PULL THE PLOUGH

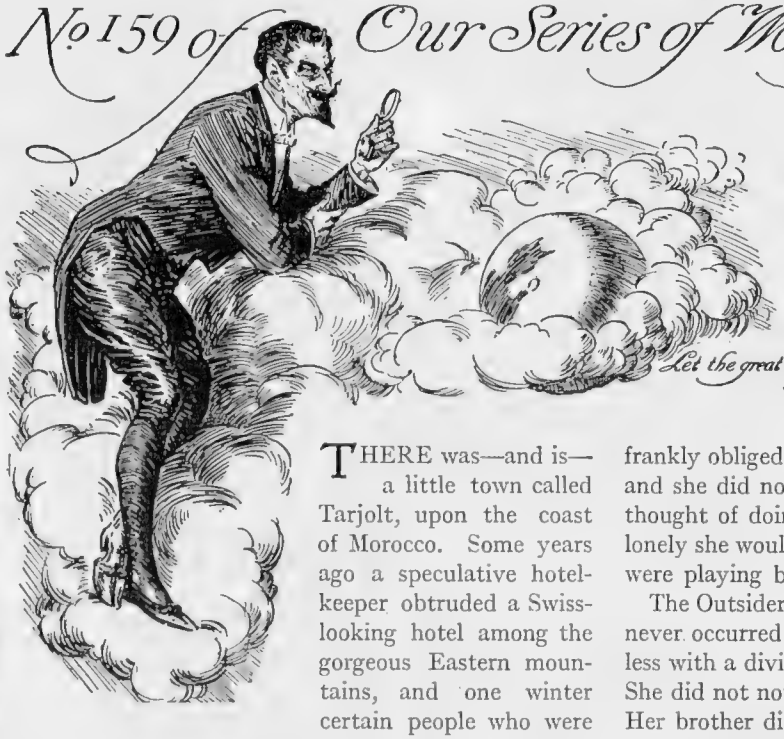
Peruvians in the Stocks: A Favourite Method of Punishment in this South American State

In one part of the world at least the ancient form of punishment known as "the stocks" is still in use, and this is in the far interior of Peru. Here, where the estancias, or sheep-farms, are usually twenty-five, thirty, or even fifty miles apart, the estanciero has to take the law into his own hands, and mete out punishment to his unruly "peons," or labourers, who are mostly half-savage men of mixed blood. On these estancias, where the traveller is never refused hospitality, to see offenders in the stocks is no unusual sight

Photo] **Ploughing with a Human Team in Morocco** [*Raphael*

Whether the new *régime* in Morocco will do away with such sights as the scene depicted above, which at present are quite common, remains to be seen; but if Mulai Hafid is really intent on modernising his country these human teams will soon give way, not to horses and oxen, but to steam and petrol-driven ploughs

No. 159 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Outsider

By OWEN OLIVER

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THERE was—and is—a little town called Tarjolt, upon the coast of Morocco. Some years ago a speculative hotel-keeper obtruded a Swiss-looking hotel among the gorgeous Eastern mountains, and one winter certain people who were right "inside" English society chose it for their headquarters. The loneliness didn't matter, they said. They would make their own liveliness. Before they offered to take the whole hotel, an Outsider had engaged a room. He was a fair, boyish young fellow, whose father had left him much money; and alone in the world. *He* said that he would be no lonelier there than anywhere else. The "insiders" were courteous ladies and gentlemen, and above snobbery. So they made no attempt to expropriate him. They passed the time of day with him, and the Hon. Charles Morton even talked to him sometimes. The Hon. Charles, however, was a Radical M.P., and—so his wife said—a professional slummer. The rest of the insiders were scarcely conscious of the Outsider's existence, and he seemed scarcely conscious of theirs—till the Gravesons came.

There were six in the Graveson party. Lord George Graveson, commonly called "Porgie," a subaltern in the Guards; Dalton and Blakeston, fellow subs; Ronald Graveson, an impecunious cousin (now Sir Ronald Graveson, K.C.); Lady Angela Graveson, a spoilt beauty, who couldn't suit herself with a husband, and was said to have rejected a dozen proposals; and Aunt Halloway, who chaperoned her in a perfunctory fashion, realising that Angela could take care of herself. They were a reckless, happy-go-lucky set, and their evenings were uproarious with practical joking and laughter. In the daytime the men went shooting, and while Aunt Halloway mostly slept, Lady Angela explored the seashore. Having some mistrust of Moors, she commandeered the Outsider as a guide. She would have flirted with him, if it had occurred to her that anyone could flirt with an outsider; but it did not. So she was just the pleasant, unaffected girl that she had been before she "came out." There were nice points about the natural Angela. She was frankly obliged to the Outsider for acting as showman; and she did not cut him in the evenings—and never thought of doing so. In fact, if she saw him looking lonely she would talk to him while the men of her party were playing bridge or billiards.

The Outsider did not flirt with Lady Angela. It had never occurred to him to flirt with a woman, and still less with a divinity. For so he regarded Lady Angela. She did not notice that he had fallen in love with her. Her brother did. For all his lazy, don't-care manner Lord George was an observant man, as his battalion knew.

The Outsider's devotion struck him as an excellent joke, and one which would enable them to "rag" Angela. She generally got the best of their ragging, and he felt that he "owed her a good many." So he started teasing her one afternoon when they hadn't gone shooting.

"My little black Angel," he remarked, as they sat at afternoon tea, "you've made a conquest."

"Dalton or Blakeston?" the little black Angel inquired, swinging in her rocking-chair. The admiration of these gentlemen was in evidence; in fact, too professed to be anything but platonic.

Both claimed the honour; but Lord George shook his head.

"An even greater admirer," he stated.

"Impossible!" cried Dalton and Blakeston.

"Though more diffident——"

"Possible!" ejaculated cousin Ronald.

"And of humbler origin."

"Don't be a fool!" cried Lady Angela, with sudden understanding.

"The Outsider!" the rest yelled. They all roared with laughter—even Aunt Halloway—except Lady Angela. She got into a rage; and she *could!*

It would be insulting, she stated, if it were not preposterous. The man's father made his money in soap or something, and——

"And we all wash sometimes!" observed cousin Ronald. "I like soap myself."

"Make the most of your only virtue!" Lady Angela advised him. "I consider that you're very ill-natured. You only say it to annoy me, and to make me snub the poor, harmless, little man. He's been very helpful when you've left me alone to go shooting things—shooting *at* things—and he's lonely; and I'm sorry for him; and

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

I'm not going to be a beast to him to please you. So there!"

She rose with dignity. Cousin Ronald fired a parting shot as she swept away.

"Pity is akin to—proposals; and thirteen's an unlucky number, you know, Angela. . . . Well, you shall have *my* support if you succumb. Whatever these bounders do, *I'll* be civil to Cousin Smith."

"When you want to borrow a pony!" suggested Lady Angela over her shoulder.

She flounced out. Just outside the hotel she met the Outsider, who was generally upon the outskirts, and walked away with him. Half an hour later she came back alone. Her expression was angelic—black-angelic.

It was, in fact, so black-angelic that the men stopped in their game of bridge to look at her. In their different ways they were all much attached to Angela, and had no wish really to annoy her.

"We're a bad lot, black Angel," her brother said, soothingly, "aren't we?" He gave her a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"*You're* all right," said Lady Angela. "It's I who was the fool! He'll have to be taught a lesson."

"By Jove!" cried Lord George. "He hasn't had the cheek to——?" He whistled.

"No," she replied. "He hasn't. He's only expressed a desire to fight a dozen Moors—or lions—on my account. Fight Moors! Why he'd squeal if one looked at him." She dug a chair viciously with her parasol. "I'd like to have him kidnapped, and be there to see!"

"Why not?" inquired Cousin Ronald. "What a lark! We'd hold him to ransom and make him sign a promise to pay fifty thousand. We could send him back the paper. It would be a polite way of finishing him!"

"By Jove, yes!" cried the other men with one voice.

"We could easily arrange it with old Abdullah What's-His-Name," Dalton suggested eagerly. "We might square the people here and give the old Consul the tip to keep it dark—he's a good sport. We don't want complications, and gunboats, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"We'll black our faces and go with the party, and hear the squeals," Blakeston proposed. "He's hardly looked at us, except the Angel—saving her presence—and wouldn't recognise us, I'll bet anything."

"I doubt if we'll get Abdullah to do it," Cousin Ronald objected. "He's a cautious old beggar."

"What's the use of Abdullah?" said Lord George. "Let's make up as Christy Minstrels and do it ourselves. We could take in Roughton and Jessop and Ives. That will make a decent party—seven. We could carry him up in the hills, and do a little shooting till we've settled about the ransom."

They agreed upon this plan, and made their arrangements without difficulty; at least, the only difficulty was Lady Angela. At first she protested that it was hard on the Outsider; and when they refused to abandon their intention, she insisted upon seeing the "fun," and also upon seeing that they did not frighten the Outsider too badly. On the other hand, she utterly declined to disguise herself as a Moorish woman. "I never did make-up," she assured them, "and I never will; but if you do it, I'm going. So there!"

Finally it was agreed that she should have one of them as an escort, and should see the capture and other important events from a place of hiding. "And mind," she said, "you've promised not to hurt him, and to let him go soon, if he doesn't squeal."

The next morning the men made up as a party of magnificent Moors, with long ornamental guns, and mounted on mules with gorgeous trappings, which Abdullah "What's-his-Name" had provided. Their own mothers would not have recognised them, and the Outsider did not.

They took him by the ruins. Lady Angela had mentioned casually that she thought of going there, so they knew where to look for him. He was sitting on a fallen column, writing on the desert sand with his walking-stick. He had got as far as "Ang——," when they pounced upon him.

The capture was effected successfully, but the squealing was rather a disappointment. He fought like a lion; and he had a muscular arm for such a slight, mild-looking young man. Before he was overpowered he knocked Jessop down and blacked Dalton's eye. When they held his arms he kicked, and when they had tied him up and sat him upon a spare mule he used bad language—even the Guardsmen thought it bad! Lady Angela, who was lurking in the ruins, put her fingers in her ears. She told her companion that it was a beastly shame, and if they were not ashamed of themselves, she was ashamed of them.

After this outburst, the Outsider was quiet—till he had worked his hands undone. Then he seized the reins, turned his mule, and bolted. It was a good mule, and he was a light weight, and he looked like getting away; but in a narrow lane he encountered Lady Angela riding in the custody of a magnificent Moor—who was, in fact, her Cousin Ronald. He evidently thought that she had ridden out to the ruins and had been captured also.

"Bolt!" he shouted. "Bolt sharp, Lady Angela!"

He rode straight into the "Moor," and men and mules went flying in a heap. Ronald and his mule were not much hurt, as it happened. The Outsider's mule broke its neck. The Outsider looked dazed and lay on the ground half-stunned.

"Go!" he implored. "Go, Lady Angela!"

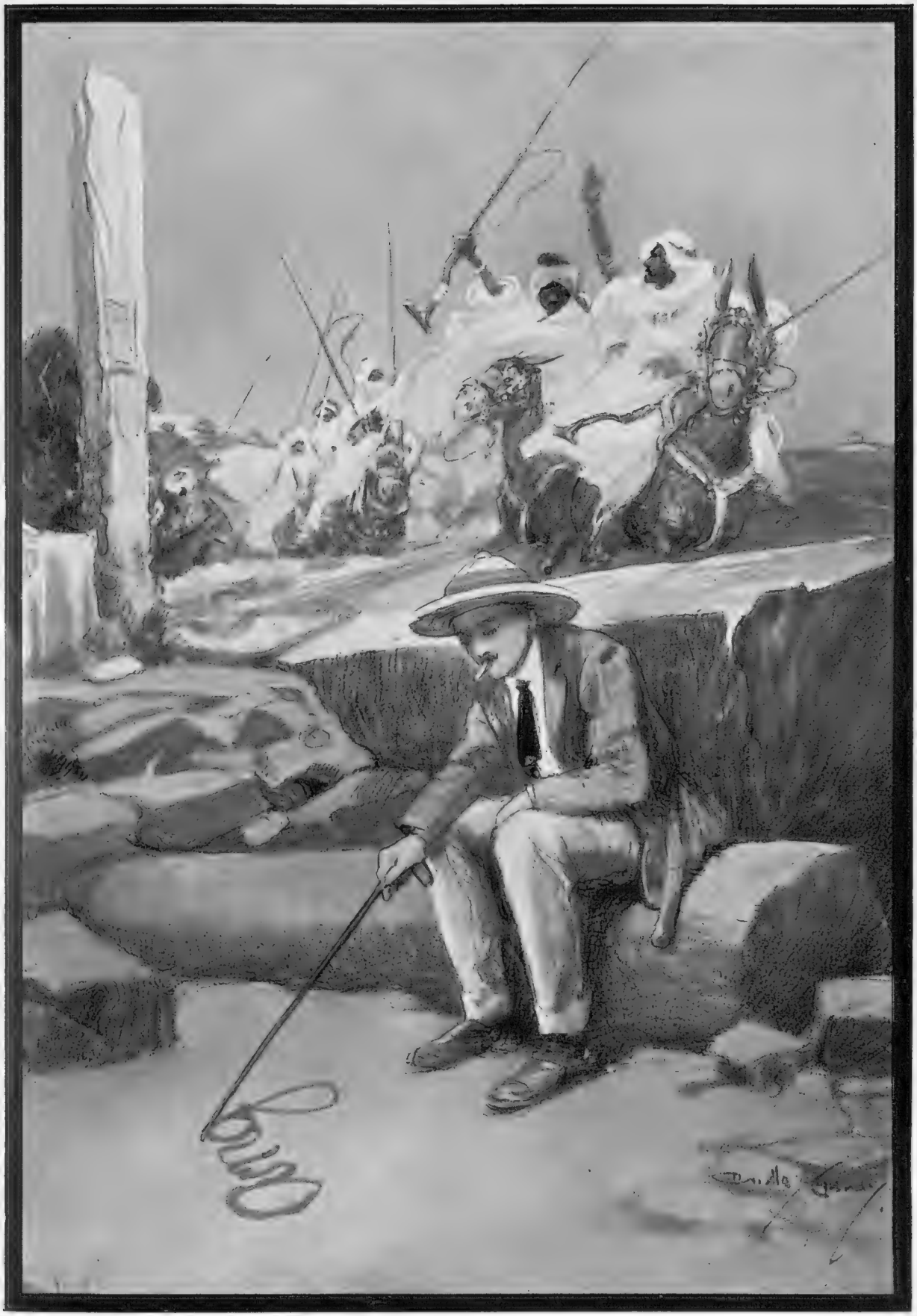
Then the other "Moors" were upon them. They put him silently upon another mule, and this time they did not tie him. One rode on each side of him, two in front, and two behind. Lord George walked further behind by the side of his sister's mule. Someone had to walk, as they were a beast short now.

"By Jove!" he said. "By Jove, Angela!"

Lady Angela wiped her face with her handkerchief. Considering the heat, she was very pale.

"He might have been killed," she said. "He—he

(*Continued on page 544*)



"He was sitting on a fallen column, writing on the desert sand with his walking-stick. He had got as far as 'Ang——,' when they pounced upon him"

BY DUDLEY HARDY

(*Continued from page 542*)

must have expected it." Her brother nodded. "He—he did it to give me a chance to escape."

Her brother nodded again.

"I feel a regular cad," he said. "So do the other fellows. He's—hang it all!—he's a fine little chap. We'll have to own up and apologise to him."

"And hurt him worse!" cried Lady Angela. She gulped down a lump in her throat. "He'd guess why you did it."

"I like the 'you'!" protested Lord George. "You were as much in it as anybody. You—you little black Angel! Upon my word, you *are!*"

"I was," she agreed; "but I won't hurt him any more. He wanted me to go, and leave him to be killed." She drew her breath heavily.

Lord George whistled softly.

"You're right, Angie," he owned. "We won't hurt the little fellow's feeling any more, if we can help it. We'll have to arrange to let you both escape; one at a time, you know. I'll have to tell the old Consul all about it, and get him to persuade Smith to keep it quiet—international complications and all that sort of rot, you know; and then—then you'd better go off home, if you don't want to hurt the chap any more. He's clearly gone on you. I wonder what men see in you, Angie? . . . No, I don't, old girl. . . . I expect you feel as bad about it as we do."

"Worse!" said Lady Angela. "He—he would have given his life for me; and I—I——" She showed symptoms of hysterics.

"Don't be a little idiot!" her brother remonstrated sharply. "If you start that foolery, he'll think I'm ill-using you and try to murder me; and there'll be another dust-up. . . . You'd better go and ride beside him and keep him quiet, while I talk out a plan with the others. We don't want any more fuss."

When they rejoined the party they found the Outsider arguing with them in fragments of Spanish, of which he knew little and they less. Ives had been cast for English interpreter, but he was waiting for instructions from Lord George before interpreting. So they could only guess at the Outsider's meaning from occasional interjections in English; but they gathered that he was chiefly concerned about Lady Angela, and ready to be shot if they would let her go. He was evidently much relieved when he was allowed to ride beside her.

"They mean to treat you with respect," he said consolingly, "so far as I can make out their jabbering. They don't know any English, so we can talk. I don't think you need worry. I expect your people will soon miss you and follow up; and I'll throttle one chap anyhow if they insult you. Did ever you see such a hangdog set of ruffians?"

"Never!" said Lady Angela decidedly. She glared scornfully at the pseudo-Moors.

"How would it be if I sailed into the lot suddenly?" he suggested. "I've been thinking about it."

"No, no!" she entreated. "They are seven to one. You—really, you mustn't be violent, Mr. Smith. They might kill you, and then—then I should be all alone with these—these hangdog ruffians." She gave them another withering glance.

"That's what I thought," he agreed. He sighed. "It's hard work keeping myself under. I've got a bit of a temper, you know."

"So have I!" said Lady Angela. "Do you know, my brother calls me 'little black Angel.'" She sighed.

"I've noticed the Angel part," said Mr. Smith; "but—well, I can't say what I think of you now, but—but you know that if I could get *you* free I'd—I'd do anything."

"I know that," said Lady Angela. "You've nearly broken your neck already trying to set me free."

"I *should* have got you off," he observed, "if you'd bolted when I ran into that beggar. That was why I did it; but you didn't twig the idea."

"Oh, I—'twigged' it," said Lady Angela; "but you don't suppose I'd run away and leave you to be killed, do you?"

"Why not?" he asked. "I am nothing to you, of course. I—I thought it might make you feel easier to know that I understand that. I saw how you took what I said yesterday, and—and I ought to have known before, of course, but—— That's the last word I'll ever say about it, Lady Angela. I shouldn't have said it at all, but just have gone; only I wanted you to feel sure that I shouldn't make an opportunity of the circumstances to—to presume. Now let's talk about something else."

Lady Angela glanced round at the "Moors." They drew a little away; but, after all, she spoke with deliberate clearness so that they should hear her.

"I must have *my* last word, Mr. Smith," she said. "I am greatly honoured by—by your friendship, and I should not be uneasy, under *any* circumstances, as to your chivalrous treatment of me. . . . I—I am sorry."

"You needn't be," he said quickly. "It will—will do me good. I'm like the moth round the—the light. I always think—if he gets over the singeing—he's better for—for seeing the sun! I shall say to myself, 'Well, old chap, you once knew a great lady. Behave so that you wouldn't mind her seeing you.' It's—all right!"

The Outsider set his mouth firmly. It was a strong mouth, for all its boyishness. He kept his eyes on the ground. So did Lady Angela. So did the "Moors." One of them whispered to another, "*Good* little chap!"

"Mr. Smith," said Lady Angela, "I am a very wilful, thoughtless girl, and I don't learn lessons easily; but you have taught me one."

"Well," the Outsider went on, "I had another reason for bothering you about myself. I thought, if you understood how I felt, you'd see that the greatest favour you could do me was to let me take a bit of risk, and save you—like any of your set would. They're fine fellows. It makes you realise what it means to have a line of old ancestors behind you. They won't let you do a mean or shabby thing."

(*Continued on page 546*)

Christmas Weather—As It Should Be

Photo *Frith*

SNOW THAT PAINTS THE TREES WITH BEAUTY (BUT MAKES TOWN HORRID!)

Once a year (only once!) even "The Bystander" likes to feel a trifle old-fashioned at Christmas-time. We confess to a predilection for the snowy days of yore—only praying that, while they clothe the country in its fleecy garb of white—and all that sort of thing—they will spare the Town!

(Continued from page 541)

"Don't!" cried Lady Angela. "Don't! I do things that—that I am sorry for. Oh! *very* sorry for. So do they sometimes. But—but they wouldn't do them deliberately, Mr. Smith. Neither would I."

The "Moors" looked at one another. They certainly had a hangdog expression just then.

"One would *like* to apologise to the little fellow," Cousin Ronald muttered.

"Of cours not," the Outsider answered Lady Angela. "And i any one of them were in my place he'd be ready to be killed to set you free. . . . Won't you—just for once—put me on the same footing?"

He looked at her appealingly.

"Tell me," she said. She spoke hoarsely.

He rode a little nearer, and spoke in a low voice. A Moor who only knew a little English would not have caught enough to understand; but the sham Moors did.

"When we were scrimmaging," he said, "one of them dropped a dagger. I picked it up and slipped it in my inside pocket. When we come to a narrow place I'll turn on the two behind us with it. You're on the best mule of the lot, I should say, and you're not much over eight stone, and they're twelve or thirteen, and weight soon tells. Make off as fast as you can. You've only got to keep on the track, and turn to the left at the first fork and to the right at the next, and you'll fetch the ruins. I might manage to hold them back long enough to give you a good start. If I don't, you'll know that I—— You are ill, Lady Angela?"

Lady Angela drew herself up with an effort, and looked round at the "Moors"; and they looked at her.

"I will tell him," she said sharply. "Please go!"

They went, and she looked steadily at the Outsider, and he looked steadily at her.

"You need not tell me," he said. "I understand."

"Thank you," said Lady Angela. "I will not talk about it; but—but I desire to apologise. I beg your pardon most humbly. I know that *they* wish to do so also. They proposed to do so, when—after you risked your life for me. I thought it would hurt you less if you never knew. That is why we went on. It is cowardly to tell you now, but—I couldn't bear it when—when you were so generous. . . . Perhaps you are even generous enough to forgive us, and—and be friends? You will—will believe that the apology is an earnest one?"

"There is no need for apology from you to me, Lady Angela," said the Outsider; "I have no doubt of your sincerity. I shall not judge you from this—this one practical joke, which you regret. Please tell *them* that I accept their apology . . . If you will permit me to take you to your friends, I will go."

Lady Angela trembled.

"You will not forgive me?" she asked.

"Of course," he said, "I forgive you."

She held out her hand. He took it, and looked at it as it lay n his. Then he lowered his lips to it; and then he took her back to the "Moors." He bowed gravely to them, and they bowed to him. Then he went. They stood still and looked after him, except Angela. Her head hung low. Her brother put his arm round her.

"Poor old girl!" he said. "Poor old girl. . . . He doesn't feel worse about it than we do."

"You don't know how *I* feel," said Lady Angela.

The Outsider kept out all the afternoon, but he turned up at dinner as usual. They knew that he did so to avoid any suspicions that would trouble them. He mentioned to his neighbour that he was taking a coast boat to Tangier the following day, and going over to Gibraltar to catch the next steamer home. They knew that he said it for them to hear.

After dinner he sat with a newspaper in the hot lounge when the rest went to the cool balcony. Lady Angela touched Lord George's arm and looked at him entreatingly. He got up suddenly and walked inside to the Outsider, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"We'll never forgive ourselves for it, Smith," he said, "and—and women feel things. Come and be friends, just for this evening, if you can. . . . It will make it easier for my sister to forgive herself. She really was rather against it all along, but we chaffed her into it. . . . We were a set of—goats!"

Smith put down the paper, and went with his lordship upon the balcony, and to the particular corner appropriated by the Graveson party. Cousin Ronald jumped up and gave him the chair beside Angela. She bowed without speaking. The men all talked to him, and called him "old chap." They suggested that he should defer his departure, and join in their shooting expeditions, and almost quarrelled who should provide his whisky and soda.

Then some of them went to play billiards, and some to look on; and Aunt Halloway woke from her after-dinner nap, and went to her usual rubber of bridge; and the Outsider was left alone with Lady Angela. He spoke first.

"Don't worry, Lady Angela," he said. "You have made amends." She shook her head.

"You won't let me," she said; "but if you stayed——"

He leaned a little towards her in the dusk.

"If I stayed?" he asked huskily. "If I stayed, Lady Angela?"

"I should be an Angel," she said. "A nasty little black one!" She laughed unsteadily; and so did he.

"I think better of you than that," he said. "I think you would not ask me to stay, if you meant ever to send me away."

"I shall tell you to go every time I get in a temper," she contradicted. "That is about twice a day, George will tell you. . . . But—but——"

"But you won't mean it?" he suggested.

"How do I know?" she said, very seriously. "I won't profess not to understand you. I *don't* know, Mr. Smith. I take a long time to learn my lessons. . . . I have learnt this much. I wish to be your friend."

In due time she learnt the rest; learnt it, in fact, long before the Outsider dared to ask her. She had learnt it "by heart," she told him then.

Owen Oliver.

Narrowing it Down

THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN GROWS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER

Photo Halftones, Ltd.

Photo Manuel

TWO VARIETIES OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT, THE "CASSOCK" OR "PRIEST'S GOWN"

Wearers—or manufacturers—of the Directoire gown are positive geniuses in discovering modifications of its main feature, that of fitting the figure a little less closely than a coat of paint, which, of course, remains as before. Both Boulevard and Monastery (!) have inspired these last words in Directoire fashions, and the Cassock" or "Priest's Gown" variety is the very latest thing

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Good December Hunting

December brought foggy days for the hunting-man, but it also brought sport that the most confirmed grumbler found it difficult to quarrel with. Sometimes there has been fog as well as sport on the same afternoon, and then the saddles have emptied, and riderless horses have been about as numerous as those with their riders intact. You will see more grief on a foggy afternoon than when the atmosphere is clear, probably because there is an additional touch of "nerves" with riders when everything is a blank thirty or forty yards ahead. Pardonable, too, are "nerves" on these occasions — the fences rise up so suddenly before you, and look uncommonly thick and menacing. A recent example of good sport enjoyed on a foggy day was with the West Norfolk Hounds after their meet at Necton Tunns. A fox from Necton Gorse was hunted splendidly for half an hour, and bowled over in the open near Ashill. The brush was presented to Princess Mary of Wales, who came in company with General Brocklehurst and the Hon. Neil Primrose, and it is said that her Royal Highness honestly deserved the trophy of the chase. In the Shires the present month has been noteworthy for several remarkable runs. Mr. Fernie's Hounds put in a magnificent performance from Shangton Holt on their Cranoe day, the Pytchley were fairly in their element in their best country after meeting at famous Crick, and the Quorn, Cottesmore, and Warwickshire have all accomplished things that will live in memory. Followers of hounds are hoping that this pleasant vein of good sport will last until the New Year, and beyond it.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Two Young Huntswomen

Ladies Norah and Marian Hastings, daughters of the Earl of Huntingdon, at a meet of the Atherstone Hounds at Caldscote Hall

Sport with the Cotswold

I remember the lowering wintry morn,
And the mist on the Cotswold Hills;
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,
Not far from the seven rills. . . . .

So sang Lindsay Gordon in stirring verse on the charms of a country "so deep, with a scent so hot, that the hound could outpace the horse" — the Cotswold. Fortunately for the equanimity of riders, hounds do not always slip their field in the manner described by the poet, but the hills which abound in two-thirds of the country take it out of horses a great deal, and soon find out any weak spot in wind or breeding. The Gloucestershire stone walls are not always easy to get over, but one advantage of them is that they never present the dangerous pitfall of wire which one occasionally finds lurking insidiously in the flying fences of the Vale country. Our illustration on the next page shows a recent meet of the Cotswold Hounds, with Mr. H. O. Lord in command. This sportsman took the pack four seasons ago, and sport under his leadership has left little to be desired. He is probably one of our heaviest M.F.H.'s, but, on his powerful weight-carrying hunters, is generally in the right place with hounds. The Cotswold have a new huntsman this season in Charles Beacham, who knows, however, every inch of the country, having turned hounds for many years to Charles Travess, the veteran fox-killer, who resigned at the end of last season.

Some Polo Items

The pronounced success of the first winter polo season at Cannes fully prepared us for a repetition of the enterprise. The galloping game had never been played in the South of France before, and the whole-hearted support given by visitors and the local people alike was most encouraging to Captain E. D. Miller and his committee, whose English members include the Duke of Westminster, Lord Wodehouse, Captain C. C. de Crespigny, and Mr. Walter Jones. Captain Miller informs me that the second season will open on January 16, and many players have announced their intention of going to Cannes with their ponies. It is expected that polo will be played four days a week, and all the tournaments will be played on approximately the same dates as last year. All this clearly shows the great strides which polo is making, especially on the Continent, where new clubs are springing up every year. A very interesting item of polo news is the formation of a new Roehampton team, comprised of Mr. R. Grenfell, Captain Herbert Wilson, Captain H. Lloyd, and the Duke of Roxburghe. This is a well-balanced combination, exceedingly strong at all points. Clearly the Old Cantabs, all-conquering last season, will have to look to their laurels in 1909.

A. W. C.

The Rota Revolution: A Protest

Photo THE MASTER *Bassano*

The Cotswold Hunt Meets at Stanton Court, Broadway, Worcestershire: The Master, Mr. H. O. Lord, with the Hounds

Mr. Lord took over the pack four years ago. This year the Cotswold have a new huntsman in Charles Beacham, who knows every inch of the country

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

The Proposed Abolition of the Rota

The question of the rota is so important in all its bearings that I shall make no apology for giving it a fresh examination. The more I consider the matter, and the deeper I go into it, the more firmly convinced I become that the recommendation of the Amateur Championship delegates at Edinburgh will, if adopted by the clubs concerned, be fraught with grave mischief and detriment to the best interests of the game. As I have already pointed out, the delegates were confronted by a difficulty, and apparently could see no way of arriving at a settlement which would be satisfactory to all the parties concerned. As they could not agree on the choice of a new green, some being for a diminution in greens and others for the *status quo*, they suddenly adopted, without much reflection, the proposal to abolish the rota altogether.

The Result

Such a vista of intrigue is opened up that the wiser and sounder heads ruling the game will hesitate to give effect to this revolutionary and disastrous proposal. One writer, who strongly supports the proposal, does so partly on the ground that it will be possible to select inland greens for the Amateur Championship. "It is to be hoped," he says, "that the delegates, when at last they come to a final decision, will not show any exclusive preference for the selection of seaside courses. *Let suitable inland ones belonging to influential clubs willing to spend the money to dispense hospitality*, and to make the most businesslike arrangements for the control of the competition, have their turn as well as the seaside greens." The passage I have put in italics in the above quotation clearly shows one direction in which we should be going if we depart from the present arrangement. Another writer opines that the best plan would be for the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient to select a green each year. I should like to hear the opinion of the Royal Liverpool Club, the originators of the Amateur Championship, on this idea. Some support the proposal because there are particular courses which they do not wish to remain as Championship courses, others because they hope that, after an interval of chaos, a new and better rota will be chosen. Lastly, some support it because the Ladies' Golf Union have no rota.

A Vicious Argument

This last is the most vicious argument which any supporter of the present government of the game can use, for it leads us directly to an association, the very thing which all the conservative forces in golf politics want to avoid. It is clear that far graver issues are involved in this matter than appear on the surface. I, therefore, once more urge most strongly that the present rota, which includes only clubs of first-class standing, above any possible suspicion, should be adhered to. If there is a difficulty about the choice of a new green, why not select Westward Ho on trial for one year without definitely including that course in the rota, unless the choice should prove to be wise? Westward Ho has first claim on every possible ground. If the choice proved successful, the question would be settled. If not, we should be none the worse, and could go on with the old rota. ERNEST LEHMANN.

LAWN TENNIS

No Admittance Except for Scratch Men

I was much interested in the comments made in our issue of the 2nd inst. by my colleague, Mr. Ernest Lehmann, upon the proposed resolution to restrict the entries for the Amateur Golf Championship, because a similar restriction has (as I happen to know) been talked of by the powers that be in connection with the Lawn Tennis Championship. The

The Cambridge Trial Eights

object of such a restriction is, of course, the same in the case of both games—to get rid of the players who enter—in the picturesque and elliptical slang of the day—"without having a bloomin' earthly," and whose elimination from the contest involves the expenditure of much time, trouble, and energy. Put briefly, the golf proposition is that no player shall be eligible for the Amateur Championship unless he has been handicapped at scratch at his club since January 1 preceding the tournament and unless his entry has been made through his club secretary and sanctioned by the club committee. In lawn tennis the plan would be to limit the entries to those who were adjudged to be scratch men, or, better, by a properly qualified and officially recognised handicapper, or handicapping committee.

Closing the Open Door

Whether such a restriction would be feasible in the case of either game is more than doubtful. Mr. Lehmann has pointed out that a "scratch" man at some clubs is no better than a "three" man at others, and that a club committee's task of approving or disapproving the entry of a member would be an extremely invidious one; while in lawn tennis the selection or rejection of a candidate would be just as delicate a matter, and fraught with equal possibilities of injustice. But, apart from these considerations, there is another objection—equally fatal in the case of both games—which my colleague has very properly emphasised. It is that directly you limit the entries for a competition in any way it ceases to be an "open" competition. An Open Amateur Championship must be open to *all* amateurs, and there is no getting away from this. The only possible modification is to have a qualifying competition (as is done in Association football), from which a given number of players are exempted, followed by a competition proper, made up of the exempted players and the survivors of the qualifying rounds.

ROWING

The Cambridge Trials at Ely

Thanks to the energy of D. C. R. Stuart, the president of the C.U.B.C., who has tried upwards of eighty men since coaching first began in October last, the two crews which raced over the Ely course on the 5th were of more than average strength. The outstanding feature of a good race was the fine form shown by R. W. M. Arbuthnot, the Eton freshman, who stroked the winning crew. Arbuthnot was well backed at seven by F. G. Hudson, who rowed in the trials in 1906, and would probably have gained his Blue last year but for illness. The losing crew was stroked by M. A. Lloyd (Pembroke), and he had behind him three of last year's trialsmen, E. S. Hornidge, C. J. W. Henslow, and T. D. Richardson, as well as H. G. Baynes, who rowed in the Eight last year. Besides Baynes, who seems to have lost some of his form, there are three Old Blues in residence, D. C. R. Stuart, E. G. Williams, and G. E. Fairbain, while H. E. Kitching is expected to be up next term.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Cambridge Trials at Ely: The Winning Crew Leaving the Boathouse

The two crews which took part in the trials at Ely were unusually strong, there being a desperate race for two miles, and although Arbuthnot, the only Etonian rowing in the trials, who stroked the winning boat, took the lead, M. A. Lloyd spurted so determinedly that it looked as if his crew would go by. Half a mile from home, however, Arbuthnot, with his men well in hand, was leading, and ultimately won by two lengths in 17min. 8sec.

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-B-

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Louis Napoleon." By F. A. Cheetham. (John Lane: 15s.)

"Patcola." By Miss Ena Fitzgerald. (Greening: 6s.)

A Plea for Louis Napoleon

"Let us speak a little of the Emperor, it will make us better men!" Thus Victor Hugo in the French Chamber, referring, of course, to the first Napoleon. Mr. F. A. Cheetham has just favoured us with a life of *Louis Napoleon* to the time of his election to the Presidency (published by John Lane: 15s.). It is not a bad opportunity, therefore, to speak a little of that Emperor, though it is a very debatable point whether this will make *us* better men. For what lesson does the life of this Man of Destiny teach the present generation? As a whole, the chief impression his life has left on posterity is one of failure. For us to have been able to admire him Napoleon III. should have left this life a year or two after the *coup d'état*. It is impossible to admire the man who brought Sedan upon his country, and thus assisted the rise of the German Empire. To that, one day, England may have to attribute her own *débacle* at the same hands. But look at Napoleon's life, from his birth up to his proclamation as President, and here, indeed, it is impossible to withhold admiration. Mr. Cheetham is right when he claims for him that posterity has not done him justice. Romantically, he was a triumphant success. Without being in any sense a hero, he was the personification of singleness of purpose. He was not in the least afraid of failure and ridicule—he even at times failed deliberately. He was no egoist. He was philosophy incarnate. As a model for the man who, feeling that he lacks heroic qualities has nevertheless ideas fitting him to guide a State, Napoleon III. is ideal. What, for instance, could be more sublime than the ridiculous failures of Strasburg and Boulogne? What other man who has ever lived rose to greatness upon the waves of universal laughter? Napoleon, without any idea of actually succeeding in getting himself acclaimed as Emperor, engineered fiascos in order that the people might know his name. When, after the abdication of Louis Phillippe, France sought a President, it chose Louis Napoleon simply because, ridiculous though he was, he was the sole representative of a definite theory of Government. His name was Napoleon.

Louis Napoleon when a Candidate for the Presidency, 1848

Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Lane from Mr. F. A. Cheetham's "Louis Napoleon," which he has just published (15s.), reviewed on this page

The Better Napoleon of the Two?

In this book, however, it is half said that he was a better Napoleon than his uncle! Mr. Cheetham reminds us that the Napoleonic idea was based on certain principles that one would fain see enforced on the England of to-day. "The Napoleonic idea is an idea of peace rather than of war, an idea of reorganisation rather than overthrow. It develops the great principles of justice and liberty. . . . A social, industrial, commercial idea." Napoleon III. held up Napoleon I. as legislator and statesman rather than warrior, reminding France that the first Napoleon fell as an accident because he sought to apply his ideas too quickly. If one can look back at the life of Napoleon III. and think of it as finishing with the election to the Presidency, one can admire him implicitly, and, as I before said, take him as a model to be followed by those who seek power in a democratic age.

The Lesson of His Life

The greatest qualification he seemed to possess was patience. By the sheer process of waiting, by not jumping too soon at opportunities, he was able to wear down opposition, and finally secure the power he sought. In an age when so many of us seek sudden successes and meteoric rises, a book like this ought indeed to be read. As an actual life it lacks any great wealth of incident. What it does, however, is to impress upon us the extent to which destiny will favour the man of the fixed idea, be he ever so little a hero.

V. C.

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A Clever Young Writer

One is always apt to be sceptical when the announcement is made that a strikingly clever novel is about to make its appearance, the author of which is only in his — or more generally her—'teens. Usually the book proves to be creditable enough as the unaided effort of a youthful author, though the promise it holds of mature work is not particularly exhilarating, while what talent is shown receives an unhealthy and probably fatal stimulus from the foolishly laudatory notices given by "inspired" paragraphists. With mixed feelings, therefore, I took up Miss Ena Fitzgerald's *Patcola* (Greening: 6s.), when I heard that the author thereof was barely eighteen. Without in any way wishing to minimise certain obvious inequalities in the story, I found it a book which well repaid the reading. Originality in the choice of the stage whereon her characters appear is shown, for we are introduced to the South Indian Kingdom of Vijayanagar in the middle of the sixteenth century. Despite its three centuries of glorious life, this realm is practically unknown in England, though the capital, the City of Victory measured twenty-four miles in circumference, and its ruins are still to be seen near Madras. A confederation of five Mohammedan monarchs finally overthrew its power at the battle of Talecot in 1565, but the present Maharajah of Mysore and several of the smaller rajahs claim descent from Vijayanagar's royal line.

Photo *Kime*

Miss Ena Fitzgerald

An author of eighteen, who has just written a clever book about India in the middle ages, entitled "Patcola" (Greening: 6s.)

Patcola is the favourite of the great Raya Krishna, and in the relation of his life is given a delightful picture of the full glory and the wane of this empire, though in certain instances, such as the life of the people apart from the life of the Court, the author tells us just enough to whet our appetite for more detailed particulars. The book, nevertheless, shows a grasp of Hindu life and character, and Miss Fitzgerald well succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of Eastern fatalism and mysticism. There is a smoothness and ease in Miss Fitzgerald's writing which augurs well for her future work, which we hope will show as much originality as this first book.

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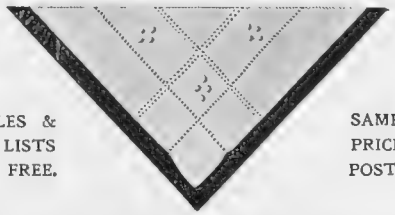

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RACING NOTIONS: OUR CROSS-COUNTRY RIDERS. By CARBINE

Steeplchase Jockeys

Danny Maher's mount in a hurdle-race at the recent Kempton Park Meeting created a great deal of interest, but people who talked of his "temerity" in risking his neck on the tolerably safe back of Dafila were, surely, not aware that the famous American jockey is well known in the Shires as a brilliant rider across country. Mounted on a thoroughbred horse he can, with his light weight, hold his own with the best with Cottesmore or Quorn, and the hurdles at Kempton Park are but child's play compared with the stiffest bullfinches and occasional oxen of Leicestershire. The great Fred Archer was an enthusiastic rider to hounds, but his horsemanship across country did not come up to his remarkable brilliancy on the flat, and he used to have some rare croppers when out with his friend and fellow-jockey, Harry Custance. Halsey, one of the best of modern jockeys, used to ride regularly in steeplechasing, while Arthur Nightingall is another cross-country rider who can claim the distinction of having had a mount in the Derby. Since Nightingall, who rode three winners of the Grand National, dropped out of the front rank of steeplechase jockeys, his place among the professionals has been taken by F. Mason, who is very sound and consistent, and has a fine knowledge of pace. The latter, by the way, is quite as important a factor in steeplechasing as in flat-racing.

Amateurs—Old and New

Old-stagers often tell us that we are not so well off for gentlemen-riders as in the days when Mr. J. M. Richardson (who still rides over fences in Leicestershire with the best of them) won the Grand National on Disturbance and Reugny, and when Mr. George Ede was at the height of his fame. But I am afraid the veteran sportsman, no matter in what branch, is always given to an undue glorification of the past. Probably the truth is there are as many good amateurs riding in steeplechases as there were forty and fifty years ago. No better performance could have been put up than that of the Hon. Aubrey Hastings when he won the Grand National on Ascetic's Silver in 1906; no better all-round rider is there than Mr. Percy Woodland, who has already steered a number of winners across country this season. A thoroughly capable horseman, too, is Mr. G. Gunter, who has come very much to the front lately as owner, trainer, and jockey. His excellence was admirably exemplified when he won the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on his own horse, Merrythought, a few days ago. We have a number of other smart gentlemen-riders, and I think the form displayed at recent Grand Military meetings on the part of the soldiers was quite as good as anything seen in the old days.

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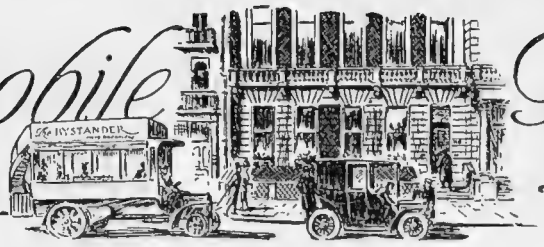

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Road Bullies

At the recent annual dinner of the Motor Union one of the speakers referred to the utility of the motor in reducing the tendency to overcrowding in cities and large towns. He very properly pointed out that the possession of a handy runabout car enables a man to take a house at a considerable distance from his place of business, and to travel backwards and forwards not only in comfort, but in blissful independence of railway trains, time-tables, and the worry and rush incidental to the use thereof. The advent of the motor-'bus has contributed not a little to decentralisation among the humbler classes, but while I cheerfully recognise the many advantages conferred by this means of conveyance, I feel bound to enter a protest against the cumbrous weight and size of the present types of vehicles and the recklessness with which they too frequently are driven through thoroughfares crowded with pedestrian and vehicular traffic. I witnessed a case of the most glaring character a few evenings ago, and took measures to have the offender brought to book. I am inclined to think that if every motorist who comes across a case where these road bullies by sheer force of weight and size push weaker brethren to the wall or off the road would but take the trouble to put the law in motion we should very soon notice a diminution of the nuisance.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON Carburettor has received the Highest Award Gold Medal from the Automobile Club of France for Carburettor competition. — H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., are Sole Concessionnaires.

A Front View of the 18 h.-p. Reo

Motoring and Business

We frequently hear a great deal of the damage done to road surfaces by motor traffic, and the increased cost of road maintenance thus occasioned, but it is only fair to emphasise the other side of the question. Granted that local taxation is at times increased in consequence of the prevalence of the automobile, it should be remembered that there is a corresponding advantage gained by the increased circulation of money disbursed by the motorist. Even where motors are used almost solely for pleasure purposes, business results along the line. Week-end trips and touring expeditions are answerable for a very fair circulation of coin of the realm in hotel accommodation, meals, petrol, tyres, and other incidentals. Those who shout so loudly for increased taxation of the motorist would do well to remember that even the purse of Fortunatus has its limit, and that the great mass of motoring people is not composed of greatly favoured individuals, but of people of moderate resources, to whom every sovereign represents twenty shillings or two hundred and forty pence.

* * *

The Test of Merit

I quite agree with a correspondent who writes to say that, having owned various cars for five or six years past, he always advises his friends who desire to enter the ranks of automobilism to endeavour to find out how a given make of car figures in the repair-shop bill. Showroom appearance and general nattiness of appearance are all very well, but it is in the repairing shop that the different weaknesses of the various cars on the market become apparent. Of course, much depends upon the care and intelligence with which a car is handled, but there is a quite remarkable difference in the sums required to keep in repair cars of very similar make, design, and power. A small increase in first cost is very often money well spent, because it is not so much the initial outlay as the cost of running and keeping a car in good order which really constitutes the cost of motoring.

* * *

Petrol Can Seals

Quite an undue amount of discussion has centred around the offers of a bonus for the seals of petrol cans recently made by two leading firms. The

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT. —For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

MORGAN

& Co., Ltd.,

MOTOR BODY SPECIALISTS,

Sole Makers of the "CROMWELL" PATENT FOLDING WIND SCREEN, and Sole Agents for the ADLER CARS.

127, Long Acre, W.C.,
AND
10, Old Bond St., W.

THE VERDICT of the Motoring and Daily Press was that the NEW 12 H.P. 4-CYLINDER ADLER CAR was the feature of the Olympia Show, by virtue of its moderate cost, splendid workmanship, and superb "MORGAN" coachwork.
Price, with 2-seated "MORGAN" body, £280.
Price, with 4-seated "MORGAN" body, £295.
Other 1909 Adler models are 7 h.p. 15 h.p., 20 h.p., 30 h.p., and 40 h.p.

Adler Cars

THE NEW WHEEL-STEERED
LANCHESTER

Write for Catalogues and Literature to
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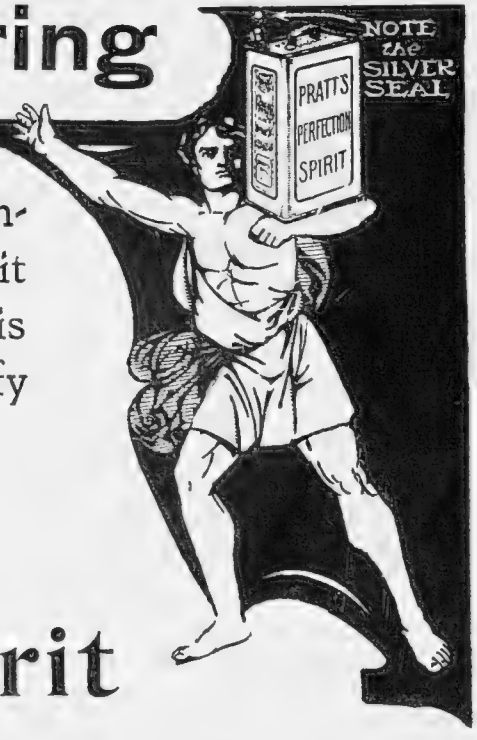
The Spirit of Motoring



To render Motoring thoroughly enjoyable the Motorist needs a spirit of *proved efficiency*. His engine is too sensitive and expensive to justify experiments with substitutes.

PRATT'S
Perfection Spirit

PRATT'S PERFECTION MOTOR SPIRIT
DOUBLE DISTILLED.

holds premier position by reason of its superior efficiency.—*Sealed with the Silver Seal.*—

Moto-Ballooning, the Latest Pastime

R.A.C. Committee has solemnly considered the matter, and has declared the proposal to be "contrary to the best interests of the user." The inference is that any bonus or discount should take the form of a reduction in the price of petrol. On the other hand, the Anglo-American Oil Company point out that at the time they put forward their "silver seal bonus scheme" a reduction of one halfpenny per gallon was actually made in the wholesale selling price, and that the consumer ought to benefit therefrom. They further write to me as under :—

"The scheme has been the subject of a great deal of misunderstanding, not only on the part of the consumers, but of dealers also, who seem to have quite ignored the primary object we had in view, which was to impress upon the consumer and dealer the necessity of assuring themselves of the perfect sealing of the can, which, in our opinion, is the only possible guarantee which can be given to the purchaser of the purity of the contents. It was to encourage all concerned in the use of our Perfection Spirit to exercise more care in observing that all cans tendered to them shall be sealed with the Company's seal, and it occurred to us that this object might be attained by the offering of a small bonus for the return of the seals. We still hope that the scheme may have the effect we hoped for. It should be noted that the scheme is only operative for a limited period of time, viz., till February 28, 1909."

In fairness to those who have already commenced the collection of seals the Anglo-American Company feel that they cannot do other than adhere to their offer, and maintain the scheme in operation until the date originally fixed.

* * *

Motor Union Repairers in France

The Motor Union's association with the Ligue Internationale des Associations des Touristes is enabling it to provide with increasing efficiency for the wants of British motorists touring on the Continent. With the assistance of the French Touring Club, thoroughly efficient repairers have been appointed in fifteen selected towns. Rather than entrust their cars in a serious breakdown to the nearest mechanician, of whose capabilities and resources they know nothing, motorists will now be able to place their car on the railway for conveyance to an establishment whose equipment both as regards machinery and skilled workmen will ensure that the biggest breakdown will be repaired successfully in a few days. The centres selected are Nantes, Caen, Rouen, Lille, Nancy, Orleans, Tours, Nice, Grenoble, Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Pau, Toulouse, and Clermont-Ferrand. It will be seen, therefore, that France is practically covered.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Photo *Bolak*

Moto-Ballooning: A Car Instead of a Basket

In order that, when he descended after a balloon trip, he should not find himself stranded miles from anywhere, Mr. Carl G. Fisher, of Indianapolis, attached his 25 h.-p. car to the loading-ring of his balloon instead of the customary basket. With Capt. Bambaugh, a well-known aeronaut, he completed an entirely successful 100 miles journey, the descent being made with the greatest ease. A few minutes after landing, the deflated gas-bag was packed on board the car and the pair were speeding on their way homewards

Miscellanea

A boon to 'bus travellers will be the general introduction of the motor-'bus with the covered top, such as have been running for some time in Paris. Their introduction here has been vetoed by the police, who fear that such vehicles would prove top-heavy. Whatever may be the case with petrol 'buses, this argument cannot apply to the Electrobus, with its weighty accumulators set low in the frame; and, with a view to its receiving the approval of the authorities, a covered-in-top Electrobus has been taking trial trips in our streets. This is the very luxury of motor-'bus travelling, for not only has this pattern all the silent running features of the ordinary Electrobus, but it is more roomy inside, while outside travelling is equally comfortable, whether the weather be wet or fine. It is to be hoped that no long period will elapse before it is a familiar sight in our streets.

What to do with one's old car is a question which has time and again worried many a car-owner, who can see no way out of the difficulty. To a great extent, however, this has been solved by The London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, which is now doing a large business in the conversion of second-hand cars into light delivery vans.

For the convenience of members and others requiring maps and road books for touring, the Motor Union has issued a booklet giving a list of recommended publications. This may be had by any BYSTANDER reader who applies to the secretary at 1, Albemarle Street, W.

We notice in a recent issue of *L'Auto* that Mons. L. B. Fanor, one of the technical specialists of that Parisian journal, devotes half a column to the Dunlop Company's exhibit. He deals at great length with the speed, safety, and endurance of the Dunlop motor tyres, both grooved and studded, waxes enthusiastic on the new "extra strong" Dunlop cycle tyre, and insists throughout on a fact well recognised this side the Channel, that the pioneer tyre Company have never relinquished for a moment their determination always to make the finest possible tyre.

KRIEGER ELECTRIC CARS for Sale or Hire. May be hired for any period from 3 hours to 12 months.—For particulars apply to 48a, Gillingham St., Eccleston Sq., S.W. Telegrams: "Silencieux, London." Tel.: Gerrard 6817, Victoria 2723.

BURGESS AND HARVEY, LTD., 463, OXFORD STREET, W., AGENTS for all the best makes of MOTOR-CARS; REPAIRS and HIRE. Telegrams: "Whimbur, London." Telephone No.: 7043 Gerrard.

. . Although the "Coat-Cut" is naturally the most important single feature of the COTUNA Shirt—the full value of the garment lies in the combination it presents of features which afford Comfort and Convenience in the fullest degree, and which allow us to fit men as if they ordered shirts "made-to-measure." . . . . . .

THE COAT CUT—enabling the shirt to be put on and taken off like a coat, easily and quickly—is an obvious advantage, but it cannot be fully appreciated except through actual experience. Attached to it are conveniences which show up and vary according to the habits of the wearer. . . . . .

. . Among other special features are :—THREE SLEEVE LENGTHS (Short, Medium, and Long) to Every Size of Collar . . COMFORTABLE NECKBANDS (in quarter sizes) . . FLAT-SETTING CUFFS . . A NEAT FITTING (no allowance having to be made for the passing through of the head and shoulders). . . . . .

THE COTUNA COAT SHIRT

Is Ideal in every way for Dress Wear.

. . The Coat-Cut of the COTUNA is an advantage in any shirt, but in the Dress Shirt it reaches its highest point of utility. In the putting on of an ordinary Dress Shirt the Front rarely escapes some ill-treatment; in the case of the COTUNA the shirt is slipped on without effort and the Front settles into its place, without a crease or a bulge of any kind.

DRESS SHIRTS ... ... **3/6 4/6 5/6** Three for **10/- 13/- 16/-**

. . The "Cotuna" Coat Shirt is also supplied with Short Fronts (for Business wear) and in Zephyrs and Flannels. The White Shirts have Stiff Fronts; the Coloured Shirts are Soft Fronted. In all cases the Quality of Material represents the fullest possible value which can be given—a Value rarely met with outside of the Horne Brothers . . . . . Shops. For illustrations, prices, and particulars . . . . . .

Write for the "Cotuna Coat Shirt" Booklet, which gives full details.

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W.E.S.

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Children's Party Frocks

Now here is an absorbing subject. Myself, I lean, for girlies of any age between seven and ten years, to a rather severe type of white satin frock, arranged somewhat in the pinafore style, without a suggestion of fulness, the width for the skirt being arrived at through the medium of a sloped centre seam up back and front. Perhaps it would be better to describe these frocks as being cut practically on the cross. At the top there is introduced sometimes a square yoke band, hand-embroidered in silk, the little guimpe and sleeves affording the necessary softening touch in lace or chiffon.

For tinies, there is a particular charm attached to fine French muslin frocks, inset with lines of *bébé* Irish lace, an edging of the same outlining the hem, the neck cut low, and the short sleeves caught with ribbon tie-ups. I forgot to add that with the hard little satin dresses the *pièce de résistance* is provided in dancing petticoats of lawn and lace, accompanied more often than not by divided under-garments *en suite*, the utilitarian flannel petticoat being dispensed with for the nonce, that the effect of filmy *frou-frou* may not be marred by a single dull note.

The New Watch Coat
In white blanketing cloth, ornamented with pipings of black cloth
(Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street

It is necessary to regard with interest every fresh venture put forth by Messrs. Kenneth Durward. Restricted as they are by tailoring circumstances, from which it is never their desire to wander, every fresh model put forward by them has the quality of fine detail—the materials used are invariably super-fine, the cut of the garment, whatever it may be, beyond reproach, and over all that general air of finish never separate from the best sartorial work.

And so it is with the new Watch Coat, a faithful replica of the heavy naval overcoat, expressed in white blanketing cloth, with pipings everywhere of black cloth. It is impossible adequately to portray the true fascination of this wrap, even under the most advantageous circumstances, the real production, with its rough-surfaced cloth and full sacque cut, the whole being thrown into relief by the slight black touches.

Immediately after Christmas, Kenneth Durward commence an annual clearance of stock, this comprising not only the made-up goods, but all the materials, the latter being built to special order at appreciably reduced rates. While in the case of the made-up costumes and coats, half-price rules throughout. One realises, perhaps, better what this means by the clear statement that a six-guinea wrap-coat will be three guineas, and a ten-guinea costume five, and so on.

Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street

As I was one of the first of those to acknowledge and appraise Mrs. Adair's unique knowledge of beauty culture, and subsequently to follow up the result of many of her treatments, the few words I have to say will, I trust, bear weight. Their need has arisen owing to a recent *cause célèbre*, an exposure that almost inevitably cast a shade—with the unthinking majority—over the entire profession. Such injustice, of course, is flagrant; but, then, it is the way of the world, and, personally,

The Grapes behind the Label.

The Brandy covered by

MARTELL'S

BLUE and SILVER LABEL is derived solely from grapes grown in the world-famous Charente district of France . . . . a guarantee of **SAFETY** to the consumer.

I feel very strongly that such as Mrs. Adair, who has many years' record to go on, should be permitted to fancy for a moment that her fame is dimmed in the slightest degree. The idea, of course, will seem pre-

A Novelty in Hat-pins

These extra strong pins, which will be found more effective than three ordinary pins, are being sold at £3 3s. the pair in silver-gilt by Mme. Roberts, 25, Dover Street

posterous to her many faithful clients; nevertheless, the chance stands.

But it is one that can easily be removed by a visit to 92, New Bond Street, the very atmosphere whereof breathes conviction. From the beginning to the end of a face treatment there is afforded the impress of conscientiousness. Mrs. Adair still believes the hands are the best medium for massage, although she uses, with a discretion that is always hers, a Ganesh Electric Battery in addition. But her tapping massage is quite extraordinarily efficacious, used in conjunction with her Eastern cream and oil. The latter, by the way, merits a special word of praise, and has always been to me the keynote of the whole treatment. Her "Marvelle" drops for the eyes, again, have a miraculous effect, removing, in the space of a few minutes, all the tired, lack-lustre appearance occasioned by wear and tear or a late night, and substituting a clear, bright sparkle, always associated with youth and freshness.

Photo **An Elegant Chapeau** [*Manuel*

Of seagull-grey satin, trimmed with the new emu feather mount in tones of grey

The Ganesh Chin Strap has gone forth far and wide, and consequently tells its own story. Women who really care about their personal appearance, and are determined to keep young at any cost, find opportunity to wear this chin strap during the day as well as at night—when, for instance, they are writing letters, or resting before dining out—and in no single instance has this earnest endeavour gone unrewarded, the muscles of the throat tightening up, and consequently that ugly, age-telling thickening of the flesh known as a double-chin being done away with. The book written by Mrs. Adair on beauty culture, both of body and face, is exceptionally well worth reading.

A Real Novelty in Hat-Pins

It is several months now since Madame Roberts, of 25, Dover Street, explained to me the extraordinary value of one strong hat-pin as against half a dozen frail ones. The idea, I may say, originated with a knitting pin, used in an emergency; but, as will be readily surmised, that ordinary working implement left a good deal to be desired. Madame Roberts, however, realised she had hit up against a notion that merely required to be properly developed to prove a real boon. And, promptly setting to work, she has been able to bring out for Christmas gifts these stout pins in silver-gilt, with a ball at the end, at the price of 25s., or two for three guineas, or in solid gold for six guineas. These pins are a life-long possession, and it has been incontestably proved that one is fully equal to three of the ordinary affairs. Moreover, the first incision made is the last, the size being sufficient to detect each time the implement is used. I commend the invention with much enthusiasm, and would urge an early visit to 25, Dover Street on this score alone.

A Lovely Gem—The Peridot

Peridot is the name given to the transparent varieties of the olivine, and in colour it is a lovely soft green. The name has given rise to much speculation, some authorities referring it to a Greek origin, others to an Arabic. The gem is found deposited in the olivine rock formations in various parts of the world. A singular fact in connection with this gem is that it has sometimes been found in fragments of meteoric matter which have fallen on the earth from space. Hitherto little known, the peridot is now rapidly coming into favour, and is destined to enjoy a wide measure of popularity. Compared with other gems the peridot is remarkably inexpensive, yet at the same time very effective. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, have many exclusive designs in brooches, bracelets, necklets, and pendants—one of which, price £6 6s., we illustrate on this page—coloured sketches of which they will forward post free, and as they have practically monopolised the supply for some time to come their house is able to offer the largest choice of this lovely new gem at prices that show better value than is possible for any other firm in Great Britain.

An Artistic Pendant Set with Peridots

Price £6 6s., at J. W. Benson's, Ludgate Hill

The Bystander, December 16, 1908

THE
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ILLUSTRATED

No. 263.—Vol. XX. Wednesday, December 16, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Fine healthy position. Beautiful country.

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£3,350.—Unique well-built RESIDENCE, with 6 acres of pretty grounds. Charming lounge hall with beamed ceiling, drawing room with inglenook, dining room and servery adjoining, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices.

THE BEAM AND PLASTER HALL.

Metal casements throughout, and three artistic coloured-glass lights. Small stable, in character with the House, and rooms over. Garden, orchard with over 100 fruit trees, and paddock.—Recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

UNDER 12 MILES FROM TOWN.

Unequalled Train Service.

SURREY, in good RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. Nicely furnished Modern RESIDENCE, with 3 reception.

FINE BILLIARD ROOMS,

7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Gas, Company's water, main drainage. Garden with tennis lawn. Moderate rent.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

Magnificently wooded surroundings.

Over 300ft. above sea. Gravel soil. Electric light.

BUCKS (close to beautiful common, handy for golf, boating, fishing, etc.).—For SALE, Freehold, for £2,975, picturesque RESIDENCE in Early English style, facing South. Lounge hall (oak-panelled), drawing and dining rooms, library, complete offices, principal staircase, 7 bedrooms, bath. Company's water. Pretty grounds, nearly 1 acre, with tennis lawn, rose pergola, etc. Motor-house, with separate entrance.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, who can very strongly recommend the Property.

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HAMPTON AND SONS are always in touch with TRUST FUNDS awaiting INVESTMENT in sums of

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by way of First Mortgage upon

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ON OUTSKIRTS OF HISTORIC TOWN,

two miles from a station.

PRICE ONLY £3,000.

UNDER 70 MINUTES OF TOWN, on G.E. Ry. main line, with express service.—For SALE (or might be LET, Unfurnished), the above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in charming gardens, on

GRAVEL SOIL. SOUTH ASPECT.

Entrance hall, 3 lofty and well-proportioned reception rooms, 5 large principal and 4 secondary bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms and usual offices, including servants' hall. Ample stabling, coach-house, etc. Extremely attractive and well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet grounds, productive kitchen garden, vinery, in all about 3 acres. Two paddocks may be had by arrangement.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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THE PICK OF THE SURREY HILLS.

For Sale with 2 or 5 acres.

SURREY (overlooking Limpsfield and the whole Weald of Sussex, with excellent service to City and West End).

The views from the House, which faces due South, are probably unequalled in Surrey or Sussex.

Hall, dining and drawing rooms, morning room, billiard room, conservatory, capital offices with servants' hall, 10 or more bedrooms. Stabling, etc.

Charming and inexpensive grounds.

OPPOSITE GOLF COURSE.

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BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
DRY SOIL. FISHING.

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500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.

Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

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PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, COTTAGE, AND 50 ACRES.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE the above charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,912)

400FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDSTONE SOIL.

AN HOUR FROM TOWN, occupying a very fine position with South aspect.—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, fitted with every modern convenience, and containing: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; 2 staircases; passenger hand-lift; the principal rooms are heated by hot-water coils; Company's gas and water; main drainage; excellent stabling, motor-house and pit. The lovely old grounds include 2 tennis lawns, bowling green, and small paddock, in all about 5 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,060)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. LAKES. FARMERY. COTTAGE.

BERKS (over 300ft. above the sea, on gravel soil). —To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 110 acres with a Residence, in nicely timbered grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and usual offices; excellent supply of water; electric light; thorough system of sanitation; ample stabling, harness and cleaning rooms, coach-house and motor-house with pit; coachman's cottage; the gardens and grounds are inexpensive to maintain, and include tennis lawn, large vegetable garden, 3 orchards, greenhouse, vinery, etc.; gardener's cottage; there are 2 large lakes stocked with trout; the farmery includes 2 ranges of buildings well adapted for a

STUD FARM OR PEDIGREE HERD.

The land is nearly all old pasture in excellent condition, well fenced, and every paddock watered; 4 cottages.—Further particulars of

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE,

3 and 4, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (2,709)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (2,902)

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6½ ACRES. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD.—An attractive COUNTRY PROPERTY of 6½ acres, with an old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 6; hunting, boating, and golf.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,510)

HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON, with frequent service. — To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant position on the top of a hill: lounge hall (27ft. by 17ft.), dining room (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; electric light; gas and Company's water laid on; telephone installed; the garden contains some fine old oak and silver birch trees; well-made tennis court, rockery, etc.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,008)

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£3,500 WILL PURCHASE the above well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of over 1 acre. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, 2 staircases; excellent stabling for 6 horses; entrance lodge; Company's gas and water; main drainage; sandy soil; near golf courses; hunting with 2 packs.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (1,792)

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HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 70 acres, with the above moderate-sized RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views: 6 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, and usual offices; stabling for 14; motor-house and pit; ample cottages; gas is laid on; modern drainage; lovely old lawns, shrubberies, peach-house, vinery, glasshouses, etc.; forest shooting licence can be obtained; golf and fishing; village 1 mile distant.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,973)

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS (close to Huntercombe Golf Course), 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-world RESIDENCE, surrounded by old trees, orchard, and garden: entrance hall with stove, cloak room, large dining room with inglenook, drawing room leading on to tennis court; both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and good men's rooms; all drains laid in concrete; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 16 acres. Would be Sold with less land.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,006)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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HOME COUNTIES (within easy reach of London).—A charming little PROPERTY, comprising a genuine and beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, judiciously and accurately restored, and possessing many quaint and interesting features characteristic of the age, although supplied with modern conveniences. It contains: panelled reception rooms, about 8 principal bedrooms, bathrooms, with proportionate servants' rooms, and domestic offices; good stabling; men's rooms; cottages, etc.; the old-world pleasure gardens are very finely timbered, and in beautiful condition. There is also some very useful grassland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,200)

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HERTFORDSHIRE (in a pretty part of, between Hatfield and Potters Bar, 500ft. above sea level). — £2,750 will PURCHASE a capital FAMILY HOUSE, with stabling and grounds of 3 acres, in a perfectly rural district, dry, bracing air, free from fog; high position; magnificent views; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 spacious reception rooms, large hall; well-timbered gardens, 2 paddocks, and farmery; long carriage drive; free from motor nuisance.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,241)

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70 MINUTES FROM TOWN (1½ miles' express station).—Modern RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and containing: large square hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, and rooms over; 2 full-sized tennis and 1 croquet lawn, orchard, garden, and paddocks. To be SOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,923)

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45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

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WOKING (2 miles from, overlooking a beautiful common). — Old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 14½ ACRES for SALE, at a moderate price; high situation, 300yds. from road, with lodge entrance: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms; good stabling, coachman's house; attractive grounds, shrubberies, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and 3 paddocks; sandy soil; near village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,209)

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£120 PER ANNUM, WITH SHOOTING OVER 750 ACRES.—Fine old HOUSE, amidst fine grounds and grassland of 17 acres: 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 3 reception; stabling for 6; cottages; good sporting locality.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CENTRE OF WHADDON CHASE.

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URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE, 1 to 2 hours from Town, Sussex or Hants preferred, a small old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with old garden and paddock; 8 to 10 bedrooms (or would add); small stabling; price up to £3,000 or £4,000; a farmhouse capable of being made a gentleman's residence would be entertained.—Particulars to "RETIRED," care of Box K 5,050, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ¼ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town).—A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER AN HOUR OF TOWN. STATION 10 MINUTES. NEAR GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE at a low price, a medium-sized RESIDENCE in excellent repair, standing 250ft. above sea level in parklands of 50 acres: 5 reception, billiard, and 15 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6 or more; lodge, farmery, etc.; inexpensive pleasure grounds beautifully timbered; good sporting.—Box K 2,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER, about 16 miles north of London, quite in the country, a warm, comfortable HOUSE, on gravel soil, occupying a bright situation on high ground. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling; a moderate rent will be accepted from a good tenant. — Box KF 743, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

YORKSHIRE.—To be SOLD, an artistic RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds of 7 acres: 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 5; 4 very good cottages; the gardens and grounds are tastefully laid out, and include ornamental fountain and tennis courts; large kitchen garden.—Box K 4,054, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages and farmery; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Box K 3,863, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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SALE OR EXCHANGE. — Splendid FREEHOLD BUILDING in choice site, midst pine and heather, overlooking sea near Cromer, close station: lounge, hall, 3 reception, 38 bedrooms; newly decorated, and in first-class repair; complete in every respect; fully furnished by Maple's. Cost over £13,000. Offered at £6,500 (cash), or in exchange for Land or Residential Property, Freehold or Leasehold, in or near London preferred. Suitable for country house, convalescent home, or boarding house and hotel.—Apply, GRANT STEVENSON and Co., Parliament Chambers, Great Smith Street, Westminster.

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Approached by a drive, it contains: 4 or 5 reception rooms, some 18 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, numerous cupboards;

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TO BE SOLD, or might be LET Unfurnished, this very attractive and beautifully situated FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and bracing position some 420ft. above sea level, and commanding some of the most lovely pastoral views to be found in the Midland counties.

The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall with galleried staircase, 3 lofty reception rooms,

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11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), studio, darkroom, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, harness rooms, coachman's cottage, etc.; the pleasure grounds are tastefully laid-out and embrace a total area of about

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Terms upon application to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,292)

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Lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 5 good bedrooms, usual domestic offices,

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WARWICKSHIRE (in the heart of the Pytchley country, between Rugby and Market Harborough).—To be LET for the Hunting Season, the above picturesque well-Furnished RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, usual domestic offices; continuous hot-water supply; loose boxes for 8 horses, convertible into

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DEVON (near Torquay, standing on high ground in a sunny position, with beautiful land and sea-scape views).—To be LET, Furnished, the above commodious and quaint old HOUSE, containing: 3 large reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern drainage; main water supply; large and well-stocked garden.

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OWNER CALLED ABROAD. | £4,000 ONLY; OR WITH 21 ACRES, £2,950.

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To be SOLD, the FREEHOLD of this picturesque old RESIDENCE,

with lands extending to 39 acres, 15 of which are orchards, which form a considerable source of income.

The House stands high, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices; excellent water and modern drainage; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, harness room, cow-stalls, etc.; 2 6-roomed cottages, and numerous outbuildings.

The House is surrounded by extensive lawns and well-timbered grounds; a trout stream abounds the Property.

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TO BE LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or for SALE, this old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing 600ft. above sea level, approached by a drive quarter of a mile in length, with outer and inner lodges, and commanding grand views over the Quantocks and sea: hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 12 bedrooms, 2 nurseries, workroom, etc., usual domestic offices, including butler's bedroom, and 2 men's rooms.

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Stabling for 12 horses, large coach-house with coachman's rooms; farm, mill with house, and 7 cottages. The pleasure grounds extend to about 10 acres, and are well timbered.

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And all be as jolly as jolly can be!"

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"KING'S HEAD" (*Medium*)

Mixtures of unique manufacture and choicest quality.

1 oz. packets, 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins, **6d.** *per oz.*

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes
4d. per packet of **10.**

406

Poets at Pop-in-Taw.

By RUMOUR'S AGENCY.

We do not vouch for the authenticity of these poems, which are supplied through Rumour's Agency, but they serve to show how widespread is the popular interest in the Game of Pop-in-Taw.

Hear Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE:—

Oh Pop-in-Taw! pleasures of peoples,
By Peers and Philosophers played!
'Tis sublime as the summits of steeples,
The steelie surmounting the spade!
Though the cold and the Kaiser are chronic!
And at clauses Conservatives claw,
I can capture the cardboard that's cònic!
I play Pop-in-Taw.

Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON follows with a favourite triolet:—

Here's a present for Rose
From her brother-in-law!
Is it candies? Who knows?
Here's a present for Rose.
How her joy it o'erflows!
'Tis the gay Pop-in-Taw!
Here's a present for Rose
From her brother-in-law!

Then Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING indignantly responds:—

Then you returned to your tables,
And back to the party had flown,
For the silvery shine of the steelie,
And the curious curve of the cone.

Sir W. S. GILBERT swells the chorus:

The Pop-in-Taw sharp whom anyone catches,
His doom is quite severe,
He's made to play for an eight hours' day,
In a light that's none too clear!
All day he pops in his marvellous matches,
With bats the worse for wear,
For he plays alone with a pyramid cone,
And his steelie's shape is square.

Pop-in-Taw has taken the country by storm. It is the Craze of this Christmas.

Will you send a CHRISTMAS GIFT to

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

To feed their great family of **8,268** boys and girls and keep open doors for hungry and homeless children?

*** *Mark Gifts, "For Food Alone." Cheques and P.O.'s payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," crossed same way, and remitted to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.*

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ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS, as done by Mrs. Adair, is safe and almost painless. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, red veins, etc., are removed without leaving any mark or scar.
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GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones, strengthens and whitens the skin, closes the pores; is a splendid wash for the eyes. No one should be without this face tonic. **21/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.**
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Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," *6d.*; also for Corset Catalogue.

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TUBES 1/-
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SOUND WHITE TEETH
Manufacturers, Manchester, England

A Woman's Note Book

Flats for Working Ladies

A splendid idea has been hit upon by those concerned in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, possibly by Mrs. Barnett herself, to whose genius the Garden Suburb dwellers owe many a deep debt of gratitude. The new idea is to provide, for ladies who are engaged in earning their livings in London, comfortable and inexpensive lodgings when their working hours are over; and, with this end in view, fifty flats for ladies are being built, or, rather, a building containing fifty flats is in process of erection, a building in which there will be public rooms and dining-hall, and a flat will be procurable for so low a rent as 9*s.* weekly. One cannot but feel that for many women, perhaps even for fifty women, this delightful scheme is the means of solving a problem. The way ladies live after working hours is of more importance than the question of how or where or when they work. Many people forget this. Parents most of all forget it. They object to this or that profession, but regard cheerfully or indifferently the fact that perhaps one-third of their daughters' existence is dragged out in a dingy lodging, where she is bound either to shut herself up morosely or make friends with second-rate people —and in either circumstance her character suffers.

Unsatisfactory Bohemianism

Of course, women workers who were not earning big salaries could live before those flats or any kindred schemes were contemplated, and have lived for years past in every corner of London and its immediate suburbs. Also, when you were very young and very strong and extremely light-hearted, it was rather fun to cook sausages on your bedroom fire, and invite half a dozen other girls to take part in this bohemian meal, without any distinct idea of how you were going to get through the next week (financially), with or without parties. But that kind of thing palls after a year or two, or less, and you grow old before your time, and lose your high spirits sooner than there is the slightest necessity.

The Need for a Little Home

Besides, under such a *régime*, woman infallibly grows careless. She lives carelessly, dresses carelessly, even thinks in a slipshod manner; and in a thousand details, only too cruelly perceptible to her more fortunate sisters, falls below that ideal of culture and grace of which no stress of poverty has any right to deprive her. She falls, in fact, below her natural birthright of a lady; and her companions know it. Too late she knows it herself. Therefore, a little home, no matter how tiny, so long as it is essentially a gentlewoman's home, will be the greatest help to many who have not the ability or time to manage under more difficult conditions. The public rooms and dining-hall will keep the inmates, ladies by birth, in touch with one another, and necessitate some of that desirable ceremony and etiquette with which woman, thrown on her own recources, is only too ready to dispense.

LADY PHYLLIS.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

No. 2359.
MAPPIN'S "STANHOPE" CABINET

in polished solid Oak, equipped with select African Ivory-handled "Trustworthy" Table Cutlery, and "PRINCE'S PLATE" Spoons, Forks, Fish and Fruit eaters, &c., for Twelve Persons.

The Cabinet is handsome in appearance, and extremely convenient in use, forming an ideal Wedding Gift.

The equipment of the "STANHOPE" Cabinet comprises:—

12 Table Knives.	12 Dessert Forks.	1 Gravy Spoon.
12 Cheese Knives.	12 Dessert Spoons.	1 Sugar Sifter.
1 Pair Meat Carvers.	12 Tea Spoons.	1 Butter Knife.
1 Pair Poultry Carvers,	6 Egg Spoons.	2 Nut Cracks.
1 Steel.	4 Salt Spoons.	1 Pair Grape Scissors.
12 Table Forks.	1 Mustard Spoon.	2 Fruit Spoons.
12 Table Spoons.	1 Sugar Tongs.	1 Crumb Scoop (Ivory handle).
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	1 Soup Ladle.	

12 Ivory-handled Fish Knives and Forks. engraved blades.
1 Pair Ivory-handled Fish Carvers to match.
12 Pearl-handled Fruit Knives and Forks, engraved blades.

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THE Nursery Soap.

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The Menu: A LITTLE LUNCHEON

Brochet of Smelts
Kromeskys of Game
Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti
Fried Potato Chips
Prune Mould
Christmas Pudding Almond Sauce*
Sardine Toasts
Coffee

Brochet of Smelts

Melt some butter, spread it on a dish, and dredge raspings of bread on it, season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and shallots; over the smelts pour a glass of wine, a little anchovy essence and Harvey's sauce. Put them in the dish in the oven for a quarter of an hour, garnish with lemon and fried parsley, and serve very hot.

Kromeskys of Game

Three ounces of game, 1oz. of ham or tongue, 1oz. of butter, ½oz. of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of cream, lemon-juice.

KROMESKY BATTER.—Quarter of a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the whites of two eggs, quarter of a pint of tepid water, salt. Put the flour in a basin, add the salt, make a hole in the centre and drop in the oil. Beat with a wooden spoon, add the water gradually, stir in the eggs, well beaten. Put the meat twice through the sausage machine and season well. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the meat; give it a stir over the fire, then remove; add the cream, eggs, and lemon-juice. Turn it on to a plate to get cold. Cut some slices of bacon as thin as possible, place on each slice a teaspoonful of the mince, and roll it up neatly. Dip each into the batter, and fry in boiling fat; drain. Kromeskys can also be made with an oyster in each, instead of the mince, or any cold fish.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

Take about 3lb. of the under-cut of a sirloin of beef, trim off the fat and the thin skin next to it, lard it with fat bacon and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole dish, on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole-pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done, strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and butter, garnish the beef with it, and brown the top of the beef with a red-hot salamander.

Prune Mould

Wash 1lb. of prunes and soak overnight; next day stew till soft, with 3oz. of castor sugar and a few strips of lemon-peel. Take out the stones, crack them, and keep the kernels. Dissolve 1oz. of gelatine in hot water, stir into the fruit and sweeten to taste. Have a plain mould wetted, and arrange the kernels in it; pour in the prunes, and set it to cool. Turn out, scoop a hollow place in the top of the mould with a silver knife dipped in boiling water, and fill with whipped cream.

Sardine Toasts

Four sardines carefully boned and minced, three yolks of eggs, 1oz. of butter, four tablespoonfuls of thin cream, one dessertspoonful each of Worcester sauce and anchovy, and a little chili vinegar. Heat slowly, and serve very hot on fried rounds of bread. EMILIA.

*"Emilia" is willing to supply small jars of almond sauce, price 1s. 6d., postage paid. Orders should be sent to "Emilia," 31, Lissenden Mansions, Highgate Road, N.W.

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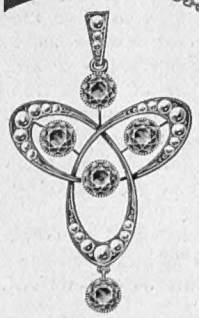
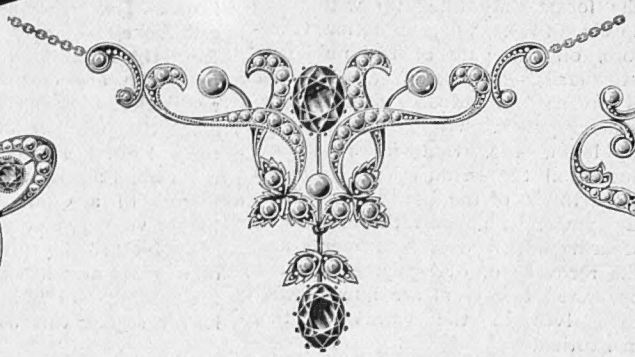


Peridot or Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, £2 17s.



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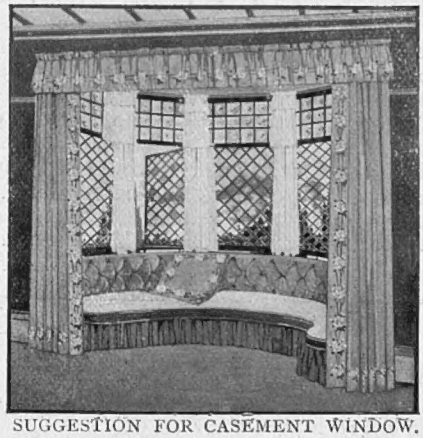

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Send your grocer's name and address with three penny stamps for sample bottle to the Sole Proprietors—
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The Editor's Box

The Ryder Gallery

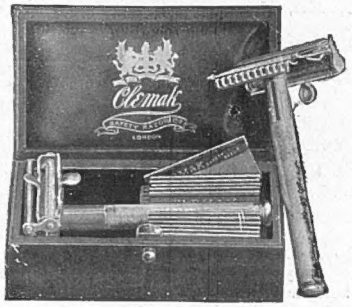
Of recent picture-shows in London by no means the least attractive has been the exhibition of water-colour drawings of French, Venetian, and English scenes, the work of Miss Helen Longman and Miss Ross Jebb at the Ryder Gallery. The standard of all the pictures was very high, though, perhaps, the best were Miss Longman's Venetian studies and Miss Jebb's forest sketches.

Concerning Chocolates

Cadbury and all that is best in the way of cocoa and chocolate are synonymous terms, and givers of Christmas presents, whether for grown-ups or children, cannot err if they choose something from Cadbury's infinite varieties. I am writing this in the inspiration of a packet of Bournville chocolate, one of the choicest brands I have ever tasted, while for the *bonne bouche* after lunch await me some delicious chocolate flakes. In fact, I no longer woo thought through my lady Nicotine but to the flavour of chocolate almonds or a piece of nut chocolate. Cadbury's Milk Chocolate is finer than any of the Swiss makes, while for those liking a rich, not too sweet confection, the famous Mexican chocolate always appeals. Whether one pays 1*d.* or £1 1*s.*, however, satisfaction is guaranteed if the name of Cadbury appears on the article.

Income Tax Recovery

More than usual zeal is now being displayed by the Inland Revenue officials in their dealings with Income-Tax payers, for, in order to exact every penny, they are employing quite extreme measures. Formerly taxpayers in receipt of progressive salaries were allowed to state the average amount for three years as their annual income, but now they are being compelled to pay on the actual yearly income, which, of course, means a great difference in the assessment of Income Tax. This tendency to exact every "pound of flesh" is further evidenced by the increased number of forms now being sent out, even to persons who are not liable to taxation, a penalty of £5 being inflicted on all, whether liable or not, who fail to return the forms duly filled up within the specified time. A determination, therefore, on the part of the public to safeguard their own rights and interests is the natural outcome of this overbearing policy. We are not surprised to learn, too, that knowing how successful the Income Tax Recovery Department of the London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., has hitherto been in securing both proper assessments and the recovery of over-payments, many oppressed taxpayers are now placing themselves in the hands of this institution.



A "Clemak" Safety Razor Set
Including twelve blades, price 7*s.* 6*d.* An ideal present for a man

An Improved Silver Match-Box

The fault with most silver match-boxes is the tendency of the striker, at the bottom of the box, to clog and prevent the ignition of matches struck on it. The celebrated firm of silversmiths, Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., of 41, City Road, London, E.C., have just started to supply silversmiths and jewellers with a new box, which entirely overcomes this difficulty. This new match-box is fitted with an original patent, known as Wanklyn's Patent "Turbine" Striker, which rotates automatically, and cleans itself instead of filling and presenting a smooth surface to the match. It can be used equally well in dry and wet weather, and is practically indestructible.

A New Cure for Sea-Sickness

The travelling public will welcome as a boon the latest remedy for sea-sickness (and also train-sickness) in Zotos. Its efficacy seems to have been established beyond doubt, judging from the numbers who have tried it, and who are enthusiastic as to its properties. Its portable size and the attractive manner in which it is got up will not fail to be appreciated. It is no small matter to many to have the terrors of a Channel crossing, or a longer voyage, allayed, and those who have hitherto hesitated to seek health or recreation in foreign lands owing to their being bad sailors need now no longer regard this as a deterrent.

A British-Made Safety Razor

The safety razor is an instrument which has come to stay, and every man who has once discarded the old "ordinary razor" for a safety will never willingly resume the use of the former. Unfortunately, many of the most loudly trumpeted patterns now on the market are of American make, and are sold at fancy prices, so that it is a pleasant task to be able to draw attention to an utterly effective, but moderately priced British safety razor. This is the "Clemak," which is sold at various prices from 5*s.* upwards, according to the number of blades, etc., supplied. This is an absolutely reliable little instrument, which will remove the stiffest and most wiry beard quickly and pleasantly. Extra blades at 2*s.* 6*d.* a packet are obtainable from all cutlers and stores, though those supplied with the original razor will last for a very long period, as they are made of the finest steel, and by the use of a neat little handle can be stropped in the ordinary way. For a present for men I can advise nothing better than a neat little leather box containing a "Clemak" razor and twelve blades, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, or a more expensive set, comprising a triple silver-plated razor, twelve blades, shaving-brush and soap, in silver-plated boxes, packed in a handsome leather case, at 15*s.*

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